

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

A FULL SIZE 52 PAGE MAG-NO SKIMPING!

MARCH, 1950

NO. 24

1/185075

CRIME

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. F.



CONFORMS
to the
COMICS
CODE

AND

PUNISHMENT

10¢ ILLUSTORIES 10¢

TRUE
CRIMINAL CASE
HISTORIES!

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



OKAY, NOW!
START FIGHTING!
MAKE IT GOOD!

SEZ
WHO?

SEZ ME!
YA WANNA
MAKE
SOMETHIN'
OF IT?

BREAK
IT UP, YOU
GUYS!

CHARLES
BIRO

LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS

in this
issue:

"MY FRIEND WAS
A MURDERER!"

"THE MEN WHO
STOLE A BRAIN!"

"STOP--LOOK--
AND KILL!"

"THE STRANGE STORY OF
THE CLUMSY THIEVES!"



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

ROOKIE PATROLMAN CLEARY HAD PEGGED THE BROADWAY CROWD FOR A LOT OF NO-GOOD BUMS, BUT DETECTIVE CLAY BOYD KNEW BETTER! HE REMEMBERED MIKE CARROLL, A GOOD BOY GONE WRONG, A



TOUGH GUY

WHOSE CASE, REPLETE WITH FRAME-UP, DOUBLE-CROSS AND MURDER, NEVERTHELESS TOUCHED THE HEARTS OF TIN-HORN ALLEY!

BROADWAY IS A CHALLENGE, A TEMPTATION, AN EDUCATION! FOR SOME GUYS, LIKE RACKETEER-GAMBLER JEFF JAEGBERS, IT'S A ONE-WAY RIDE TO HADES! FOR A GOOD GUY LIKE MIKE CARROLL, IT WAS A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY UNTIL JAEGBERS FOULED HIM UP! THEN BROADWAY BECAME A BLACK PIT OF DESPAIR AND MIKE WENT BAO—BECAME A TOUGH GUY, DANGEROUS...

ARE YOU GUYS DEAF? I SAID 'MOVE ON!' NOW DO YOU MOVE, OR DO I CALL THE WAGON TO MOVE YOU?

WHAT'S WITH THIS GUY? DOESN'T HE SPEAK ENGLISH?

NO PARKING BETWEEN HOURS 8AM - 5 PM



OFFICER ED CLEARY WAS JUST DOING HIS JOB CONSCIENTIOUSLY, THOUGH PERHAPS TOO LITERALLY, AS ANY ROOKIE PATROLMAN IS LIKELY TO DO...

HAVING TROUBLE, CLEARY?

OH, DETECTIVE BOYD! YEAH, THESE LOAFERS WON'T BUDGE! YOU'D THINK I WAS TALKING TO MYSELF! I NEED A LITTLE HELP TO RUN 'EM IN!

I EASED CLEARY AWAY... HE WAS GOING OFF DUTY ANYHOW, AND I DECIDED TO SET HIM STRAIGHT RIGHT THEN AND THERE...

A CRIMMY BUNCH OF SHARPEERS, THAT'S WHAT THEY ARE! IT'S MUGS LIKE THAT WHO GIVE NEW YORK A BAD NAME! THEY GOT ICICLES FOR HEARTS AND THEY'D BOWL OVER THEIR OWN GRANDMOTHERS FOR A NICKEL!

YOU'RE JUST BEATIN' YOUR GUMS, ED! TIMES SQUARE IS A TOWN IN ITSELF! EVERYTHING'S EXAGGERATED—BIGGER SENTIMENT AND BIGGER HEARTS, TOO! WHY, I REMEMBER A FEW YEARS BACK... LISTEN, I GOT NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO! I'LL WALK YOU TO THE STATION! WHERE WAS I? OH, YEAH...



OBEY THE LAW

"THIS BOY IS GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT ED WAS MIKE CARROLL A HARD-HITTING, RUGGED FIGHTER, BUT A HECK OF A NICE KID! HE WAS BORN AND RAISED ON 43RD NEAR 10TH AVENUE, A HOMETOWN HERO TO THE BROADWAY GANG! THEY BACKED HIM ALL THE WAY UP THE LADDER, AND WERE STILL WITH HIM WHEN HE WAS TRAINING FOR HIS BOUT WITH LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP, JOHNNY TRIGG!"



"MIKE LOOKS GOOD, BERNIE!"

"GOOD, YEAH, BUT TRIGG IS A FOX! THE KNUCKLEHEADS THAT WATCH MY BOY IN TRAINING HERE ARE MAKING HIM OVER-CONFIDENT! IT'S DANGEROUS WITH AN OLD-TIMER LIKE TRIGG!"

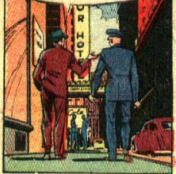


"HELLO, CLAY! WHAT'S THE OLD NIGHT OWL DOING OUT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT?"

"THOUGHT I'D DROP IN TO LOOK OVER MY FAVORITE FIGHTER! LIKED WHAT I SAW, TOO, MIKE!"

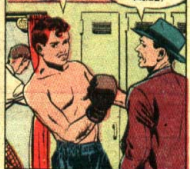


"MOST OF THE FELLOWS DON'T CARE MUCH FOR MIKE'S MANAGER, BERNIE HOFER! MAYBE IT WAS JUST THE WAY HE LOOKED, BUT THEY DIDN'T TRUST HIM! STILL, NOBODY EVER CAUGHT HIM DOING ANYTHING SHADY, AND AFTER ALL, HE HAD BUILT MIKE CARROLL UP TO WHERE HE WAS! AND THE KID WAS HAPPY!"



"I GOT A NEW PUNCH, CLAY-- A CORKSCREW! YOU BEND IT SHORT TO THE SOLAR PLEXUS, LIKE THIS-- UNDERHAND-- THEN TWIST AS YOU HIT! IT TAKES THE STARCH OUT OF THE OTHER GUY!"

"THESE ARE BIG TIMES FOR YOU, EH, SON? EVEN IF YOU DON'T TAKE THE CHAMP, YOU STILL WIN! ANY BOY THAT GETS A GIRL LIKE JANET GRADY IS GETTING TOP PRIZE!"



"I'VE GOT TO BEAT TRIGG, BOYD... NOT JUST FOR MYSELF, FOR JANET! I WANT TO GIVE HER EVERYTHING!"

"SURE, YOU DO... AND YOU WILL! COME ON, MIKE, SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU DOWN-STAIRS!"



"JANET GRADY HAD GROWN UP NEXT DOOR TO MIKE! HER FOLKS HAD PRISED AWAY WHEN SHE WAS JUST SIXTEEN, SO FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS LOOKED AFTER HER! I KEPT AN EYE ON JANET, TOO, LIKE A SECOND FATHER! MIKE AND JANET HAD BEEN SWEET-HEARTS FOR YEARS! SHE WAS JUST EIGHTEEN WHEN HE PROPOSED, AND I WAS CHOSEN UNANIMOUSLY BY JANET'S WELL-WISHERS TO GIVE THE BRIDE AWAY AT THE CEREMONY WHICH WAS TO TAKE PLACE THREE WEEKS AFTER THE BIG FIGHT!"

"HELLO, MIKE DARLING!"

"HELLO HONEY! SORRY I TOOK SO LONG, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE DOWN HERE!"

"I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL HIM TILL HE CHANGED, OR HE'D HAVE COME DOWN IN HIS BOXING TRUNKS AND GLOVES! JANET, I SAID-- OH, WHAT'S THE USE? THEY'RE IN LOVE!"



TILLMAN'S GYMNASIUM
 7PM

OBEY THE LAW



BUT ALL THOSE BRIGHT CLOUDS HAD A DARK LINING, ONLY WE DIDN'T KNOW IT YET! THAT SAME NIGHT, BERNIE HOFER, MIKE'S MANAGER, VISITED A VERY UNWHOLESOME CHARACTER... A RACKETEER AND GAMBLER NAMED JEFF JAEGER!



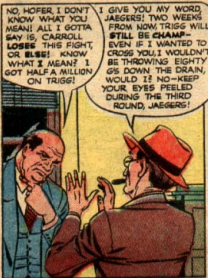
WELL, HOFER?

IT'S NO GO WITH MY BOY, JAEGER! MIKE ISN'T THE KIND THAT WOULD THROW A FIGHT! HE'D KNOCK MY TEETH OUT IF I SUGGESTED IT!



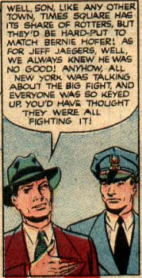
YOU CAN'T BACK OUT ON ME NOW, HOFER! I WOULDN'T BE SUCKER ENOUGH TO PUT MY DOUGH ON TRIGGS. EVEN AT THE ODDS I'M GETTING IF YOU HADN'T PROPOSITIONED ME!

LOOK, JAEGER, DIDN'T I PUT MY OWN ROLL ON THE CHAMP? EIGHTY GRAND AND I STAND TO CLEAN UP FOUR TIMES THAT! BUT IF MY BOY WINS ALL I GET IS MY CUT OF THE GATE! DO I LOOK LIKE SANTA CLAUS? MY BOY WON'T WIN! BUT THAT CAN BE ARRANGED WITHOUT A DIVE! KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

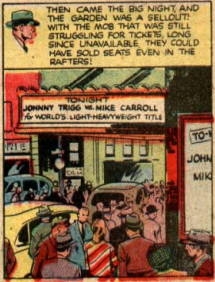


NO, HOFER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! ALL I GOTTA SAY IS, CARROLL LOSSES THIS FIGHT, OR ELSE I KNOW WHAT I MEAN? I GOT HALF A MILLION ON TRIGGS!

I GIVE YOU MY WORD, JAEGER! TWO WEEKS FROM NOW, TRIGGS WILL STILL BE CHAMP. EVEN IF I WANTED TO CROSS YOU, I WOULDN'T BE THROWING EIGHTY G'S DOWN THE DRAIN, WOULD I? NO—KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED DURING THE THIRD ROUND, JAEGER!



WELL, SON, LIKE ANY OTHER TOWN, TIMES SQUARE HAS ITS SHARE OF ROTTERS, BUT THEY'D BE HARD-PUT TO MATCH BERNIE HOFER! AS FOR JEFF JAEGER, WELL, WE ALWAYS KNEW HE WAS NO GOOD! ANYHOW, ALL NEW YORK WAS TALKING ABOUT THE BIG FIGHT AND EVERYONE WAS SO KEYED UP YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT THEY WERE ALL FIGHTING IT!



THEN CAME THE BIG NIGHT, AND THE GARDEN WAS A SELLOUT! WITH THE MOB THAT WAS STILL STRUGGLING FOR TICKETS, LONG SINCE UNAVAILABLE, THEY COULD HAVE SOLD SEATS EVEN IN THE RAFTERS!

TONIGHT
JOHNNY TRIGGS VS. MIKE CARROLL
FOR WORLD'S LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE



THERE ISN'T A GREATER THRILL THAN THOSE FEW HEART-GRIPPING MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRST BELL! I WAS RIGHT AT RINGSIDE—MIKE GOT ME THE SEAT—IT HAD BEEN FOR JANET, BUT SHE WOULDN'T COME! I FELT CONFIDENT THAT THE KID WOULD WIN!

GO GET 'EM, MIKE!



AS ROUND ONE ENDED...

WHEW! THAT PUNCH HURT! THAT WAS THE KID'S ROUND, EASY!

THE CHAMP'S AGE IS TELLIN' ON HIM, ALREADY!

UHHH...

CLANG!



ALL THROUGH THE SECOND ROUND MIKE KEPT RIPPING THAT CORK-SCREW THROUGH TRIGGS' GUARDS! ONCE HE BROUGHT HIS RIGHT ACROSS TO TRIGGS' JAW, AND THE CHAMP WENT DOWN FOR A COUNT OF EIGHT! TRIGGS MISSED WITH A RIGHT SO HARD THAT HE WENT OFF BALANCE! MIKE THREW HIS LEFT AND, AS THE BELL ENDED THE ROUND, THEY HAD TO DRAG TRIGGS BACK TO HIS CORNER!

OBEY THE LAW



NICE GOING, MIKE! BETTER END IT SOON! JANET'S SITTING ON THE EDGE OF HER CHAIR AT HOME LISTENING TO THE RADIO!

NAIL IN THIS TIME, NO! SEND THE OLD WAR HORSE OUT TO PASTURE!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HOFER? HE OUGHT TO BE UP THERE ENCOURAGING MIKE!

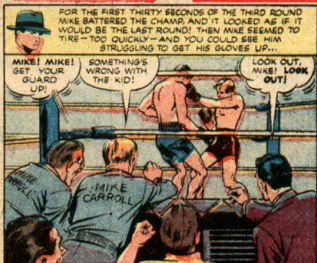


I THOUGHT I SAW BERNIE HOFER DOING SOMETHING. BUT HE WAS SO WELL SCREENED THAT I COULDN'T TELL JUST WHAT IT WAS! HOWEVER, IT STUCK IN THE BACK OF MY MIND! I HAD NO REASON TO BE SUSPICIOUS—NOT THEN, ANYHOW...



DON'T SPT IT OUT MIKE. SWALLOW SOME OF 'EM. YOU GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO SWEAT OUT. THAT'S IT. TAKE A GOOD SWIG. OKAY. BOY, THERE'S THE BELL!

CLANG!



MIKE! MIKE! GET YOUR GUARD UP!

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE KID!

LOOK OUT, MIKE! LOOK OUT!

FOR THE FIRST THIRTY SECONDS OF THE THIRD ROUND MIKE BATTERED THE CHAMP, AND IT LOOKED AS IF IT WOULD BE THE LAST ROUND! THEN MIKE SEEMED TO TIRE—TOO QUICKLY—AND YOU COULD SEE HIM STRUGGLING TO GET HIS GLOVES UP...



THE CHAMP SWUNG FROM THE FLOOR! MIKE WAS DODDERING, WITH HIS CHIN OUT, AND TRIGG HOPED TO WIN WITH THAT ONE PUNCH! YEAH, THE FIGHT WAS OVER... BUT NOT LIKE I HAD EXPECTED...

I'M STILL IN! I'M GOING TO MAKE IT! NOW!



ALL RIGHT, GET A HUSTLE ON, YOU MEN! TAKE YOUR POSITIONS AROUND THE RING!

THAT'S IT, BOYD. I DON'T WANT ANYONE IN HERE CROWDING MY FIGHTER!



RIGHT NOW, HOFER, I'M MORE INTERESTED IN YOU NOT GETTING OUT! WHAT WERE YOU DOING TO THAT BOTTLE OF WATER JUST BEFORE THE START OF THE LAST ROUND? WHAT WAS IT I SAW YOU PUT INTO YOUR POCKET?

MUH? WHAT WATER? YOU MEAN MIKE'S BOTTLE OF WATER, BOYD... SAY, WHAT'S THE DEAL?

OBEY THE LAW



WHAT'S IN THIS BOTTLE, HOFER? A DRUG, I'LL BET! YOU DRUGGED MIKE, DIDN'T YOU? IF I EVER WANTED TO SOCK ANYONE IN MY LIFE...

LISTEN, BOY! IF THERE'S ANY TRACE OF DRUG IN THAT BOTTLE, SOMEBODY MUST HAVE PLANTED IT! I... I...



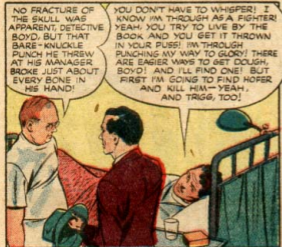
NOBODY WAS WATCHING MIKE FOR THE MOMENT! WE WERE BUSY WITH HOFER! BUT SUDDENLY MIKE SPRANG FROM HIS CORNER AND...

YOU, DIRTY SNEAK!!

SMACK!



WE RUSHED MIKE TO THE HOSPITAL FOR OBSERVATION! HOFER, HIS NOSE BROKEN AND SEVERAL TEETH MISSING, WENT TO BELLEVUE PRISON WARD! I WOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPIER TO SEND HIM TO THE MORGUE WHEN I LEARNED WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO MIKE CARROLL!



NO FRACTURE OF THE SKULL WAS APPARENT, DETECTIVE BOYD, BUT THAT BARE-KNUCKLE PUNCH HE THREW AT HIS MANAGER BROKE JUST ABOUT EVERY BONE IN HIS HAND!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WHISPER! I KNOW I'M THROUGH AS A FIGHTER! YEAH, YOU TRY TO LIVE BY THE BOOK AND YOU GET IT THROWN IN YOUR FUR! I'M THROUGH PUNCHING MY WAY TO GLORY! THERE ARE EASIER WAYS TO GET DOUGH, BOYD! AND I'LL FIND ONE! BUT FIRST I'M GOING TO FIND HOFER AND KILL HIM—YEAH, AND TRIGG, TOO!



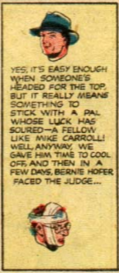
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT, MIKE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HOFER, AND TRIGG HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT! HE CRIED LIKE A BABY WHEN HE HEARD YOU HAD BEEN DRUGGED! LISTEN, JANET IS WAITING OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU! TALK TO HER, MIKE! IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER!

BOYD, I'M GOING TO TELL YOU OFF ONCE AND FOR ALL! I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER—EVER! I'M THROUGH BEING SHAVED AROUND! I'M THROUGH POSING AS A NICE, CLEAN KID! NOW, GO OUT AND TELL THAT TO JANET! AND BEAT IT, BOYD!

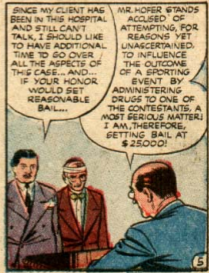


I—I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF HIM, JANET! HE'S LIKE ANOTHER PERSON—AND NOT A VERY NICE ONE AT THAT!

OH, CLAY! HE'S HURT—DOWN! DEEP INSIDE, I MEAN! WE'VE GOT TO STICK BY HIM AND HELP HIM!



YES, IT'S EASY ENOUGH WHEN SOMEONE'S HEADED FOR THE TOP, BUT IT REALLY MEANS SOMETHING TO STICK WITH A PAL WHOSE LUCK HAS SOURD—A FELLOW LIKE MIKE CARROLL! WELL, ANYWAY, WE GAVE HIM TIME TO COOL OFF, AND THEN IN A FEW DAYS, BERNIE HOFER FACED THE JUDGE...



SINCE MY CLIENT HAS BEEN IN THIS HOSPITAL AND STILL CAN'T TALK, I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE ADDITIONAL TIME TO GO OVER ALL THE ASPECTS OF THIS CASE... AND... IF YOUR HONOR WOULD SET REASONABLE BAIL...

MR. HOFER STANDS ACCUSED OF ATTEMPTING, FOR REASONS YET UNASCERTAINED, TO INFLUENCE THE OUTCOME OF A SPORTING EVENT BY ADMINISTERING DRUGS TO ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS, A MOST SERIOUS MATTER! I AM, THEREFORE, SETTING BAIL AT \$25,000!

OBEY THE LAW



BERNIE HOFER MADE A LOT OF MISTAKES IN HIS TIME, ED, BUT HIS BIGGEST AND LAST ONE WAS GOING UP TO SEE JEFF JAEGER! THAT WAS A WEEK AFTER I SAW HOFER IN COURT!

MISTAKES? THAT HOFER WAS A RAT!



LOOK, JAEGER, I PUT UP EIGHTY G'S FOR YOU TO BET FOR ME! I GOT THAT MONEY COMING...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, HOFER!



CUT IT, JAEGER! OKAY, SO ALL BETS WERE CALLED OFF BECAUSE THAT GUM-SHOE BOYD QUERED THE WORKS, BUT YOU DIDN'T LOSE ANYTHING, PAL! NOW HOW ABOUT COMING ACROSS WITH MY DOUGH?

I DIDN'T LOSE ANYTHING! I STOOD, I STOOD! I STOOD TO CLEAR TWO MILLION BUCKS, BUT THAT'S NOT WHY YOU'RE NOT GETTING YOUR EIGHTY G'S BACK, HOFER! YOU JUST AREN'T GOING TO HAVE ANY USE FOR THAT MONEY AFTER TONIGHT!, IS HE, FRANKIE?



NOPE! WHAT'S THE IDEA, JAEGER?

I FIGURE A GUY LIKE YOU LOUSY ENOUGH TO CROSS HIS OWN FIGHTER, WOULD INVOLVE ME WHEN HE TESTIFIED IN COURT! I DON'T LIKE GOING TO JAIL, HOFER! I'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE! THAT'S WHERE I'D LAND IF YOU MIXED ME UP IN THE FRAME ON MIKE CARROLL!



I WOULDN'T SPILL, JAEGER! I SWEAR! THE D.A. DIDN'T OFFER ME ANY DEAL!

THERE'S JUST ONE WAY I TRUST YOU HOFER - DEAD! TAKE HIM AWAY, FRANKIE!

C'MON, PHONY! I DON'T WANT TO MESS UP THE BOSS'S FLOOR!



WE FOUND HOFER EARLY IN THE MORNING IN AN ALLEY ACROSS TOWN...

SO BERNIE HOFER GOT HIMSELF A SLUG THROUGH THE HEAD! COULDN'T HAPPEN TO A MORE DESERVING GUY!

IT'S STILL MURDER, SERGEANT, AND WE WANT HIS KILLER! I KNOW ONE GUY WHO THREATENED TO GET HOFER, ONLY I HOPE HE DIDN'T!



THAT SAME DAY, I TRACED MIKE TO A FLEABAG HOTEL ON A BAD STREET! IT MADE ME SICK TO SEE WHAT HE WAS COMING TO, AND IT WASN'T THAT HE WAS BROKE, EITHER...

OKAY, TOUGH GUY, SO YOU TOLD ME TO KEEP OUT OF YOUR LIFE, BUT THIS IS BUSINESS! BERNIE HOFER WAS SHOT AND KILLED LAST NIGHT, MIKE... YOU SAID YOU'D GET HIM!

'SAT 50... GOOD OL' BERNIE!



SOMEBODY GOT THE RAT? NO! HE WAS MY MEAT, BOYD... NO ONE HAD A RIGHT TO HOFER BUT ME! YOU'RE LYING, BOYD!

WHAT FOR, MIKE? NO, HOFER'S DOWN AT THE MORGUE ON A SLAB, IF YOU'D LIKE TO SEE HIM!



YOU GOT TO BE LYING! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL ON ME, BOYD? YOU'RE IN WITH HOFER UP TO YOUR EARS! I'LL...

YOU'RE TIGHT, MIKE! YOU'D BETTER HIT THE HAY!

OBEY THE LAW



THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I BEGAN TO SUSPECT THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH MIKE'S HEAD...PROBABLY FROM THE PUMMELING TRUGS HAD GIVEN HIM WHILE HE WAS DOPED! WELL, I DRAGGED HIM OVER TO HIS BED AND LIFTED HIM ONTO IT...

LISTEN, MIKE, YOU NEED HELP! AN OPERATION, MAYBE! LET ME TAKE YOU TO A SPECIALIST...

BEAT IT, BOYD! I DON'T LIKE YOU OR YOUR KIND! I GOT AN OFFER TO HELP...GOOD JOB, NOT CHARITY, SO BEAT IT!



YOU'RE SURE MR. CARROLL DIDN'T LEAVE HIS ROOM LAST NIGHT?

HE HAD ONE OF HIS HEADACHES, AND I SENT A DOCTOR UP TO LOOK AT HIM! HE GAVE CARROLL A STRONG SEDATIVE AND TOLD ME TO LOOK IN ON HIM OCCASIONALLY! I DID AND THE BOY WAS SOUND ASLEEP ALL NIGHT!



IN A FEW DAYS I FOUND OUT WHO MIKE WAS WORKING FOR! ONE OF THE POLICE SAW HIM WALKING ALONG ALL RALSY-WALSY WITH THAT BUM JEFF JAEGER'S! I HAD TO BREAK IT TO JANET AND IT WASN'T EASY...

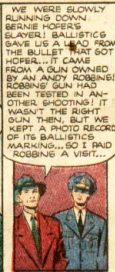
HE'S TURNING OUT BAD, JANET! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT! YOU CAN'T HELP A FELLOW WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE HELPED!

MAYBE IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THOSE HEADACHES...



NEVERTHELESS, IF HE GETS INTO A BAD SCRAPE, JANET, HE'LL BE RESPONSIBLE! I WAS PLENTY WORRIED THAT MAYBE HE'D KEPT HIS THREAT TO GET HOFER, TILL THE CLERK AT HIS HOTEL SAID HE HADN'T BEEN OUT OF HIS ROOM ALL NIGHT! AW, NOW DON'T GO TO PIECES, HONEY! I PROMISE I'LL KEEP TRYING!

I CAN'T HELP IT, CLAY! I STILL LOVE HIM... I ALWAYS WILL!



WE WERE SLOWLY RUNNING DOWN BERNIE HOFER'S SLAYER! BALLISTICS GAVE US A LEAD FROM THE BULLET THAT GOT HOFER... IT CAME FROM A GUN OWNED BY AN ANDY ROBBINS! ROBBINS' GUN HAD BEEN TESTED IN ANOTHER SHOOTING! IT WASN'T THE RIGHT GUN THEN, BUT WE KEPT A PHOTO RECORD OF ITS BALLISTICS MARKING... SO I PAID ROBBINS A VISIT...



MY GUN LICENSE EXPIRED AND YOU GUYS WOULDN'T RENEW IT! I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE A SULLIVAN RAB, SO I PAWNED THE ROD! HERE'S THE PAWN TICKET!

OKAY, ROBBINS! YOU'RE CLEAR!

YES, I HAD THE GUN, BUT SOME CROOKS BROKE IN HERE ONE NIGHT AND CLEANED ME OUT!

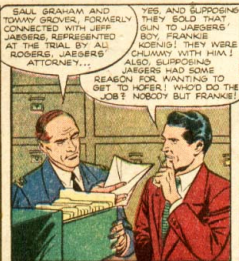
YOU GOT MOST OF THAT STUFF BACK AFTER WE CAUGHT THE THIEVES, DIDN'T YOU, MR. KLEN?

MOST OF IT, BUT NOT THE GUN, MR. BOYD!

THANK YOU, MR. KLEN! YOU'VE BEEN MORE HELPFUL THAN YOU REALIZE!



LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS, CAPTAIN CHARLES CAGLE AND I WENT THROUGH THE FILES ON THE TWO MEN WHO WERE CONVICTED OF ROBBING THE PAWNBROKER...



SAUL GRAHAM AND TOMMY GROVER, FORMERLY CONNECTED WITH JEFF JAEGER'S, REPRESENTED AT THE TRIAL BY AL ROGERS, JAEGER'S ATTORNEY...

YES, AND SUPPOSING THEY SOLD THAT GUN TO JAEGER'S BOY, FRANKIE KOENIG! THEY WERE CHUMMY WITH HIM! ALSO, SUPPOSING JAEGER'S HAD SOME REASON FOR WANTING TO GET TO HOFER! WHO'D DO THE JOB? NOBODY BUT FRANKIE!



I'M GOING TO PICK UP KOENIG, CAPTAIN! I THINK IF WE SWEAT HIM FOR AWHILE WE'LL GET THE ANSWERS TO A LOT OF QUESTIONS!

BOYD, TAKE JACK WILLIAMS ALONG! I KNOW FRANKIE KOENIG AND I WANT HIM, BUT HE'S A BAD ACTOR! I DON'T WANT YOU TO TAKE ANY CHANCES!

OBEY THE LAW



SO DETECTIVE WILLIAMS AND I WENT OVER TO KOENIG'S FLAT, AND WHILE I SHOVED MY WAY IN, WILLIAMS KEPT OUT OF SIGHT, THE WAY WE PLANNED IT.

TELEGRAM? LET'S HAVE—BOYD! YOU CRUMMY HEEL WHO INVITED YOU?

YOU OUGHT TO SPEND A LITTLE TIME IN THE SOUTH, FRANKIE, AND LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT HOSPITALITY! I'M COMING IN, GUNNER BOY!



NOW YOU'RE BEING SMART, FRANKIE! CAPTAIN CAGLE WANTS TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU DOWNTOWN ABOUT A MAN NAMED BERNIE HOFER! KNOW HIM, FRANKIE?

ARE YOU KIDDIN', BOYD? SOMEONE CROAKED HOFER. I CAN READ THE PAPERS! GURE, I KNEW ABOUT HIM, BUT I NEVER MET THE GUY!



THEN YOU WON'T MIND LETTING ME HAVE YOUR GUN—OWW!

NO, BOYD! IT'S RIGHT HERE IN MY COAT POCKET! THERE! YOU GOT IT!



I DON'T LIKE YOU, BOYD! I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS PLEASURE!



IT'S MY PLEASURE, KOENIG!

OH!!!

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH OUT OF YOU, KOENIG! STAND UP WITH YOUR HANDS CLASPED BEHIND YOUR HEAD OR I'LL SHOOT!



WELL, THAT WAS THAT! WE TOOK KOENIG TO HEADQUARTERS, WHERE CAPT. CAGLE AND I STARTED QUESTIONING!

WE KNOW ALL WE NEED TO KNOW, KOENIG! WE JUST WANT TO GET IT FROM YOU—IN WRITING!

I CAN'T WRITE, CAPTAIN! IN FACT, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I CAN'T EVEN TALK...



SIX HOURS LATER...

HE'S NEAR THE BREAKING POINT, CAPTAIN! TIRED AND DYING FOR A SMOKE! HOW ABOUT PULLING OUR LITTLE ACT?

OKAY, BOYD, BUT DON'T SPRING IT RIGHT AWAY, OR HE'LL GET THE GAG! I'LL GRILL HIM FIVE MINUTES MORE...



LOOK, CAPTAIN... WE'RE WASTING A LOT OF TIME! LET ME BEAT THE TRUTH OUT OF HIM!

NO, YOU DON'T, BOYD! YOU LAY A HAND ON THIS PRISONER, AND SO HELP ME, I'LL HAVE YOU POUNDING A BEAT! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!

OBEDY THE LAW



IT WORKS NEARLY EVERY TIME! CAPTAIN CAGLE SUDDENLY BECAME A VERY HUMAN GUY IN KOENIG'S EYES...NOT ONLY HAD HE SAVED HIM FROM A BEATING, WHICH I NEVER WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM, BUT THE CAPTAIN HAD MADE ME LOOK SMALL! FRANKIE LIKED THAT!...A FEW MINUTES LATER, CONVINCED BY THE CAPTAIN THAT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY HE COULD ESCAPE THE CHAIR, HE OPENED UP AND SIGNED A CONFESSION....



WELL, THAT DOES IT! KOENIG SHOT HOFER AT JAEGER'S ORDERS! JAEGER'S AND HOFER WERE IN ON THE FRAME AGAINST MIKE CARROLL! BOTH HAD BET HEAVILY! WHEN YOU CAUGHT HOFER RED-HANDED, JAEGER'S WAS AFRAID HE'D TALK! I'VE LET KOENIG CALL HIS LAWYER! NOW YOU CAN PICK UP JAEGER'S, BOYD!

HOLY SMOKE! AL ROGERS IS FRANKIE'S LAWYER... THE FIRST THING HE'LL DO IS WARN JAEGER'S! I'LL HAVE TO STEP TO GET THE BIG SHOT BEFORE HE CAN SKIP TOWN!



MEANWHILE, FOR REASONS OF HIS OWN, JEFF JAEGER'S HAD TAKEN MIKE CARROLL INTO HIS HOME! AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE RACKETEER'S APARTMENT ON EAST 58TH STREET,...

WHAT'S UP, BOSS? YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS! IT'S 3:15 A.M.! WHY THE HURRY-UP CALL?

I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN, MIKE! THE HEAT'S ON, AND WE'VE GOT TO BLOW TOWN! BETTER LOCK THE DOOR, JUST IN CASE!

THE ELEVATOR BOY TOLD ME THAT HE HAD JUST TAKEN MIKE UP TO JAEGER'S APARTMENT SO I KNEW THE BIG SHOT WOULD STILL BE THERE! HIS DOOR WAS LOCKED, AND HE WOULDN'T OPEN UP, SO I BLASTED THE LOCK OUT!...WHEN I PUSHED MY WAY THROUGH, I FOUND THE ROOM BLOCKADED LIKE A FORTRESS!...



UH-HUH, HMM... GO ON, CLAY, I'M LISTENING!



I'M GIVING YOU ONE SECOND TO DROP THAT GUN, JAEGER'S! I'D AS SOON TAKE YOU IN DEAD AS ALIVE!



IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, PAL...

GET HIM, MIKE! SHOOT! SHOOT!



IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, BOSS!

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR HEAD, MIKE! LISTEN, KOENIG JUST CONFESSED THAT HE KILLED HOFER! YOU KNOW WHY, MIKE? BECAUSE JAEGER'S WAS IN ON YOUR FRAME! HE HAD FRANKIE BUMP OFF HOFER! I CAN PROVE IT, MIKE! JUST LOOK AT JAEGER'S!



THAT'S A LIE, MIKE! BOYD'S TRYING TO GET YOU TO SIDE WITH HIM! HE'S TROCKY, MIKE! HE'LL HANG EVERYTHING ON YOU IF YOU FALL FOR HIS LINE!

I'LL MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T PULL ANYTHING, JAEGER'S! I'M GOING TO BLAST MY WAY OUT OF HERE, AND IF I GET BOYD, IT'S HIS TOUGH LUCK! BUT YOU'RE THE LIAR, JAEGER'S! IT'S WRITTEN ALL OVER YOUR FACE! EVERYTHING BOYD SAYS MAKES SENSE! SO YOU'RE FIRST, JAEGER'S!

OBEY THE LAW



NOT ME, MIKE! I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT FIND OUT SOMETIME! I WANTED YOU WHERE I COULD GET YOU WHEN THE TIME CAME! THIS IS IT!

OHHH!



I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT, JAEGERS! IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! YOU GOT A LOT COMING TO YOU!

I'LL BE ON MY WAY WHILE YOU'RE DUCKIN' BULLETS! NOT FROM YOU, BOYD!



SO YOUR GUN'S EMPTY! YOU'D BETTER BE ABLE TO USE YOUR FISTS, JAEGERS!

CLICK! CLICK!



LET GO OF ME, FLATFOOT, OR I'LL KICK YOUR TEETH IN!

COME DOWN HERE, LIVERLIPS! WE GOT UNFINISHED BUSINESS!



MIKE TAUGHT ME THIS, JAEGERS—A CORKSCREW PUNCH! IT HURT THE CHAMP WHEN HE USED IT! IMAGINE WHAT I'LL DO TO A SOFT JAW LIKE YOURS! TELL ME LATER HOW IT FELT. EH, JAEGERS?

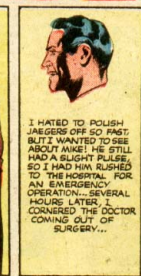
N..NOW WAIT! WAIT!



I HOPE IT HURTS TILL THEY STRAP YOU IN THE CHAIR, RAT! THERE—GET BACK IN YOUR ROOM!



HELLO, CAPTAIN! BOYD SPEAKING! I GOT JAEGERS! SURE, I'M OKAY! LOOK, WILL YOU MAKE THIS FAST—SEND A WAGON TO PICK UP JAEGERS...YEAH, AND AN AMBULANCE—BUT HURRY!



I HATED TO POLISH JAEGERS OFF SO FAST, BUT I WANTED TO SEE ABOUT MIKE! HE STILL HAD A SLIGHT PULSE, SO I HAD HIM RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL. FOR AN EMERGENCY OPERATION... SEVERAL HOURS LATER, I CORNERED THE DOCTOR COMING OUT OF SURGERY...



IT'LL BE A TOUGH PULL, BOYD, BUT HE'S A STRONG YOUNGSTER AND I THINK HE'LL MAKE IT! BY THE WAY I FOUND SOMETHING ELSE... CARROLL WAS SUFFERING FROM A TRAUMATIC CONDITION CAUSED BY PRESSURE AGAINST HIS BRAIN! IT MIGHT HAVE RESULTED FROM HIS LAST FIGHT! THE OPERATION RELIEVED THAT, TOO!

POOR KID... HE'S GOT SOME GOOD BREAKS COMING HIS WAY FOR A CHANGE!

OBEY THE LAW

A WEEK LATER, MIKE WAS WELL ENOUGH TO HAVE VISITORS! I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAME TO SEE HIM, BUT I HAD GOOD NEWS! HIS DOCTOR AND I HAD A CONFAB WITH THE D.A., AND I PROMISED TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MIKE IF THE D.A. WOULD GIVE HIM A BREAK! DOC EXPLAINED ABOUT THE TRALMA, AND THE D.A. GAVE ME THE OKAY!

BUT MIKE WAS STILL GLUM WHEN I HELPED HIM OUT OF THE HOSPITAL THREE WEEKS LATER...



WHAT'S THE MATTER, SON? THINGS ARE WORKING OUT PRETTY GOOD! JAEGER'S HAS BEEN INDICTED FOR MURDER!

I DON'T CARE ANY MORE, BOYD! I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BUT EVERYTHING HAS BEEN MESS'ED UP! I HAVE NO FUTURE—NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO!

I ALMOST MESS'ED THINGS UP WITH YOU, TOO, CLAY, THE BEST FRIGNO I EVER HAD! I DIDN'T DESERVE THE HELP YOU'VE GIVEN ME!

STOP BEATING YOUR GLUMS AND GET IN THIS CAB!

DRIVER, TAKE US TO 48TH AND 8TH!



WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, CLAY! WHY ALL THE SECRECY?

PHEW! THAT'S A BIG WORD FOR SUCH A YOUNG FELLER! JUST KEEP WALKING AND DON'T TALK TOO MUCH!



MIKE, ALL YOUR BROADWAY PALS HAVE CHIPPED IN TO SET YOU UP IN THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS!

LIKE A REAL RETIRED CHAMP MIKE! AND, KID, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU ARE THE CHAMP! I OUGHT TO KNOW! GEE, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU LOOKING SO GOOD!

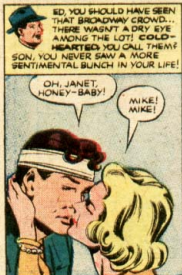
SPEECH! SPEECH! MAKE WITH THE WORDS, MICHAEL!



I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! IT'S...IT'S JUST...

OF COURSE, THE PLACE WON'T BE READY FOR YOU TO TAKE OVER TILL YOU GET BACK FROM YOUR HONEY-MOON!

MIKE!



ED, YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT BROADWAY CROWD... THERE WASN'T A DRY EYE AMONG THE LOT! COLD-HEARTED, YOU CALL THEM? SON, YOU NEVER SAW A MORE SENTIMENTAL BUNCH IN YOUR LIFE!

OH, JANET, HONEY-BABY!

MIKE! MIKE!



THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, ED! THINK I'LL BE GETTING HOME! GRAB MYSELF A SNOOZE! BE SEEING YOU!

HMM? OH, YEAH! BE SEEING YOU, CLAY!



GOOD MORNING, FELLERS! IT'S A NICE DAY!

HUH? OH, GOOD MORNING, MORNING, OFFICER! YEAH, IT'S A SWELL DAY!

the classroom secret

I'LL GIVE YOU 25 CENTS, ALICE, BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?

I'M SORRY, MOTHER. I CAN'T TELL. IT'S A CLASS SECRET IN SCHOOL.

COME ON, LET'S PLAY BASEBALL. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE 50 CENTS YOU'LL GET FOR CUTTING THE GRASS?

GOTTA EARN SOME MONEY. IT'S A CLASS ROOM SECRET.

WELL, WE'VE GOT 10 DOLLARS SAVED UP AND WE'RE ALL READY FOR THE PARTY. BUT WHERE CAN WE HOLD IT?

LET'S GO AND SEE MY BROTHER, JOE. HE'S A DOCTOR AND KNOWS A LOT ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS. MAYBE HE CAN HELP US.

IT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA TO GIVE A SURPRISE PARTY FOR YOUR TEACHER. I HAVE A BIG PLAYROOM IN MY HOUSE. YOU CAN HOLD THE PARTY THERE.....

I'M GLAD YOU CHILDREN CAN SEE HOW IMPORTANT TEACHERS ARE. WHEN I WAS YOUNGER MY TEACHER HELPED ME TO BE A DOCTOR. IF IT WEREN'T FOR TEACHERS, NONE OF US WOULD GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD OR LEARN ANYTHING.

THANK YOU FOR THIS WONDERFUL PARTY, CHILDREN! IT CERTAINLY MAKES ME GLAD I AM A TEACHER.

FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO HELP IMPROVE YOUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS WRITE TO NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMISSION FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS 2 WEST 45TH STREET NEW YORK, 19, N.Y.

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



THE CORPSE TALKS BACK!

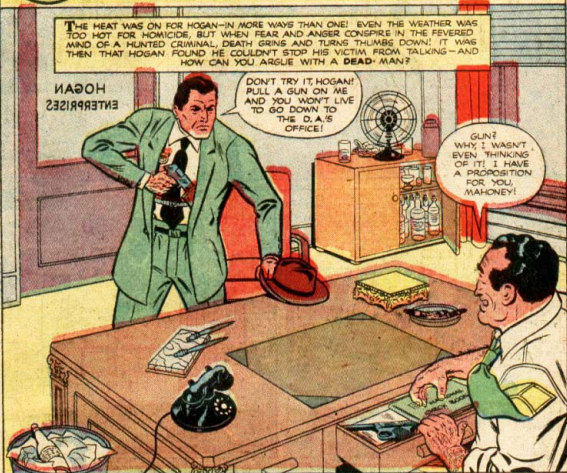
AND A HARRIED KILLER BY THE NAME OF HOGAN CAN'T SHUT HIM UP!

THE HEAT WAS ON FOR HOGAN--IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! EVEN THE WEATHER WAS TOO HOT FOR HOMICIDE, BUT WHEN FEAR AND ANGER CONSPIRE IN THE FEVERED MIND OF A HUNTED CRIMINAL, DEATH GRINS AND TURNS THUMBS DOWN! IT WAS THEN THAT HOGAN FOUND HE COULDN'T STOP HIS VICTIM FROM TALKING--AND HOW CAN YOU ARGUE WITH A DEAD MAN?

HOGAN
ENTERPRISES

DON'T TRY IT, HOGAN!
PULL A GUN ON ME
AND YOU WON'T LIVE
TO GO DOWN TO
THE D. A.'S
OFFICE!

GUN?
WHY I WASN'T
EVEN THINKING
OF IT! I HAVE
A PROPOSITION
FOR YOU,
MAHONEY!



MIKE HOGAN HAD BEEN SMART! HE HAD PLACED A LOT OF STOGGES BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE GUYS WHO HANDLED THE DIRTY WORK IN HIS RACKET! HE THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE THE LAW A LONG TIME TO GO THROUGH THEM ALL TO REACH HIM, BUT IT DIDN'T... AND MIKE HOGAN STOPPED BEING SMART!

HEY, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BUSTIN' IN HERE? OH, THE LAW!

DETECTIVE MAHONEY, D. A.'S OFFICE, HOGAN!

I TRIED TO STOP HIM, MR. HOGAN!



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WANTS TO SEE YOU, HOGAN!

MISS HANSEN, PLEASE BRING MR. MAHONEY A CHAIR! THEN LEAVE US ALONE FOR A WHILE!



OBEY THE LAW



NOW, DETECTIVE MAHONEY, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME JUST WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

DON'T YOU READ THE PAPERS, HOGAN? WE'VE HAULED IN EVERY PUNK IN YOUR NUMBERS RACKET, AND NOW YOUR NUMBER IS UP!



VERY FUNNY! I'LL BET YOU COULDN'T WAIT TO GET HERE TO SPRING THAT GAG! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S ANY RACKET YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!

IF YOU THINK THIS IS A GAG, HOGAN, THEN LAUGH THIS OFF— WE'VE GOT ALL THE BIG BOYS IN YOUR OUTFIT, TOO! GOT 'EM EARLY THIS MORNING! BUT YOU MUST KNOW ALL THAT! WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW IS THAT WE'VE GOT RECORDS—PROOF! YOUR TOP GUYS ARE SPILLING ALREADY TO GIVE THEMSELVES!



YOU'RE BLUFFING! DO I LOOK LIKE A GUY THAT WOULD FALL FOR A LINE LIKE THAT, MAHONEY?

LOOK, I DIDN'T NEED TO TELL YOU THAT MUCH, HOGAN! I'VE GOT A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST! COME ON DOWNTOWN! AND RIGHT AFTER YOU FINISH DOING A STRETCH IN THE PEN ON THIS RAP, UNCLE SAM IS GOING TO HANG ONE ON YOU FOR INCOME TAX FRAUD! STILL THINKS IT'S FUNNY?



GET YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM THAT DRAWER, HOGAN! DON'T BE STUPID AND START SOMETHING YOU'LL REGRET!

I'M JUST GETTING MY CHECKBOOK, MAHONEY! SIT DOWN A FEW MINUTES! I'M SURE YOU'RE A REASONABLE MAN! WHAT DOES NEW YORK CITY PAY YOU, MAHONEY?



I GET ALONG! WHY, WHAT'VE YOU GOT IN MIND, HOGAN?

A HUNDRED GRAND, MAHONEY! YOU COULD HAVE A LOT OF FUN WITH THAT KIND OF MONEY! I'M NOT ASKING YOU TO DO ANYTHING THAT COULD GET YOU IN TROUBLE! ALL I WANT IS A BREAK— TIME TO GET OUT OF TOWN! JUST FORGET YOU SAW ME!



I OUGHT TO KNOCK YOUR TEETH OUT FOR THAT, HOGAN, BUT YOU'LL GET YOURS! TEN TO ONE YOU'LL BE FIFTEEN YEARS OLDER BEFORE YOU'RE A FREE MAN AGAIN... SAY, THERE AREN'T MANY MEN WHO GET A CHANCE TO LIGHT A CIGAR WITH A HUNDRED THOUSAND BUCKS...

WELL, I'M A GAMBLER, MAHONEY! I'LL GIVE YOU ODDS I DON'T TAKE A RAP AT ALL!



YOU'RE ON... NO...

YOU LOSE, MAHONEY! BUT YOU CAN KEEP YOUR DOUGH!



YES, MIKE HOGAN HAD STOPPED BEING SMART, AND HE KNEW IT! A MOMENT OF DESPERATION, OF ANGER, AND HE HAD SHOT A MAN, A DETECTIVE DOING HIS JOB! NOW WHAT?

Y...YOU'VE KILLED HIM! I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE!

GIVE ME TIME TO GET AWAY! DO YOU HEAR? HALF-AN-HOUR OR SO HELP ME, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR MOUTH WILL BE SHUT FOR KEEPER!

COBIE BROWN

HOGAN'S SECRETARY DID AS SHE WAS TOLD! POLICE ARRIVED WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF HER CALL...

WHY DID YOU WAIT SO LONG? DIDN'T YOU KNOW HE MIGHT DIE WITHOUT MEDICAL ATTENTION? WHY DIDN'T YOU AT LEAST CALL A HOSPITAL?

MR. HOGAN SAID I'D BE KILLED IF I CALLED BEFORE HALF AN HOUR! I... I WAS AFRAID! I WANTED TO... BUT HE...



YEAH, HE GOT JOHNNY MAHONEY, SERGEANT! LISTEN, I WANT A THREE-STATE ALARM ON MICHAEL HOGAN! HE WON'T GET FAR! HAVE EVERY SUBWAY, BUS TERMINAL, TRAIN DEPOT AND AIRPORT COVERED! I WANT THAT LOUSE, AND I WANT HIM QUICK!



TWO WEEKS PASSED, AND THEY HADN'T CAUGHT HOGAN! BUT NOT A MAN ON THE FORCE FORGOT THAT HOGAN HAD SHOT ONE OF THEIR BOYS! THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT IT AT A PRECINCT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE...

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I READ IN THE PAPERS! MAHONEY IS EXPECTED TO PULL THROUGH, BUT IT'LL BE A HARD FIGHT! BROTHER, I'D LIKE TO BE THE ONE TO FIND THAT SKUNK! ONLY HE'S PROBABLY IN CANADA BY NOW!

DOUBT THAT WILLS! MY HUNCH IS THAT HE'S HOLED UP SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK, AND THAT HE WON'T POKE HIS NOSE OUT TILL HE THINKS THE HEAT'S OFF!



SERGEANT, THE WAY IT LOOKS THIS MORNING, IT'S NEVER GOING TO COOL OFF, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE THE GAG!

YEAH, WILLIS, THIS IS GOING TO BE A CORKER, ALL RIGHT! AS SOON AS SERGEANT BROPHY TAKES OVER FOR ME, THIS AFTERNOON, I'M GOING HOME AND SPEND THE REST OF THE DAY IN A COLD TUB!



IT WAS AN UNUSUALLY HOT AUGUST DAY, EVEN FOR NEW YORK... A BREATHLESS SCORCHER, THE KIND OF DAY SHIMMERING HEAT WAVES FLOAT UP FROM THE SIDEWALKS AND MAKE LIFE UNBEARABLE! BY 7:30 P.M., OFFICER PETER CAGLIONE WAS WHIPPED!



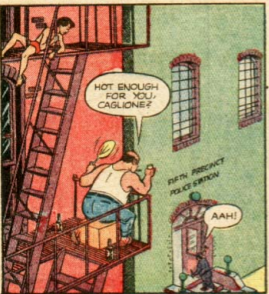
HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU, MR. CAGLIONE?

UGH!

AND ON SUCH DAYS, THE USUALLY FAST-MOVING CITY OF NEW YORK SLOWS DOWN TO A BURDENSOME CRAWL...

YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO KIND OF SHOVE ME UNDER THAT HYDRANT, JIM?

IF IT WASN'T FOR REGULATIONS, I WOULD—NO KIDDIN'! WHAT A STINKER THIS ONE'S BEEN! PHEW!!



HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU, CAGLIONE?

FIFTH PRECINCT POLICE STATION

AAH!

PLEASE, DON'T ANYBODY SAY, IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR ME! BOY, IF IT'S LIKE THIS TOMORROW, I'M GOING TO LOAD ME, MRS. CAGLIONE AND THE KIDS INTO THE BUGGY AND HEAD FOR CONEY!

AW, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? WHEN IT'S COLD YOU WANT IT HOT, AND WHEN IT'S HOT YOU WANT IT COLD! THINK OF HOW YOUR FEET ACHE FROM THE SNOW AND ICY SIDEWALKS LAST WINTER! AND HOW IT FELT LIKE YOUR EARS WERE GOING TO DROP OFF! THEN YOU COULDN'T WAIT FOR SUMMER!



OBEY THE LAW



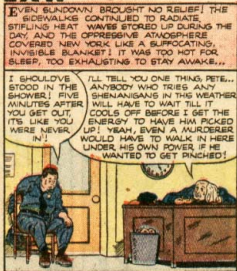
WILL YOU GET A LOAD OF HALMAN! HE COMES FRESH OUT OF A COLD SHOWER, AND HE CAN'T SEE WHAT'S EATING ME! HUH! WAIT TILL HE'S ON THE STREET FOR FIVE MINUTES!

YEAH, IT'S A GIZZLER! AND NO RELIEF IN SIGHT! WELL, AT LEAST THERE WASN'T MUCH TROUBLE TODAY...



NO TROUBLE? WHAT ABOUT THOSE FOUR PROSTRATIONS I CALLED IN SINCE I CAME ON AT THREE AND THAT OLD COOT THAT GOT WACKY WITH THE HEAT AND TRIED TO COOL OFF IN A SEWER? THIS IS NOTHING, SERGEANT BROPHY?

AW, GO TAKE YOURSELF A SHOWER, PETE! I MEAN IT'S TOO HOT FOR ANYBODY TO PULL A STICKUP OR SNATCH A PURSE AND RUN! ALSO IT'S TOO HOT TO ARGUE!



I SHOULD'VE STOOD IN THE SHOWER! FIVE MINUTES AFTER YOU GET OUT, IT'S LIKE YOU WERE NEVER IN!

EVEN SUNDOWN BROUGHT NO RELIEF! THE SIDEWALKS CONTINUED TO RADIATE STIFLING HEAT WAVES STORED UP DURING THE DAY, AND THE OPPRESSIVE ATMOSPHERE COVERED NEW YORK LIKE A SUFFOCATING, INVISIBLE BLANKET! IT WAS TOO HOT FOR SLEEP, TOO EXHAUSTING TO STAY AWAKE...
I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, PETE... ANYBODY WHO TRIES ANY SHERMANISMS IN THIS WEATHER WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL IT COOLS OFF BEFORE I GET THE ENERGY TO HAVE HIM PICKED UP! YEAH, EVEN A MURDERER WOULD HAVE TO WALK IN HERE UNDER HIS OWN POWER IF HE WANTED TO GET PINCHED!



ONLY A FEW BLOCKS FROM THAT STATION HOUSE, MIKE HOGAN WAS HOING! SURE! WHERE ELSE CAN A HUNTED CRIMINAL LOSE HIMSELF MORE EFFECTIVELY THAN IN A BIG CITY? BUT TWO WEEKS WAS A LONG TIME FOR A GUY LIKE HOGAN TO BE ALONE...

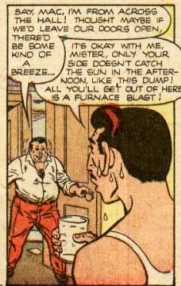
CAN'T TAKE THIS MUCH LONGER... GOT TO HAVE SOMEBODY TO TALK TO! JUST ME AND THE BOTTLES, AND THIS STINKING HEAT! GOING NUTS TALKING TO MYSELF!



...FEEL LIKE I'M CHOKING! ...GOT TO OPEN THIS DOOR... GET A LITTLE AIR... ONLY I'M AFRAID... AAH! NO COP WOULD COME UP TO THIS RATHOLE LOOKING FOR ME! GOT TO GET AIR!



LIGHT! THIS IS WORSE! DEAD AIR AND COOKING SMELLS! IF I COULD GET SOMEBODY TO OPEN A DOOR, MAYBE WE'D GET A LITTLE CROSS VENTILATION!...BUT IT MIGHT BE SOMEBODY WHO'D KNOW I'M WANTED... WELL, I GOT TO RISK IT OR DIE OF THIS HEAT!



SAY, MAC, I'M FROM ACROSS THE HALL! THOUGHT MAYBE IF WE'D LEAVE OUR DOORS OPEN, THERE'D BE SOME KIND OF A BREEZE...
IT'S OKAY WITH ME, MISTER, ONLY YOUR SIG'D DOESN'T CATCH THE SUN IN THE AFTERNOON, LIKE THIS DUMP! ALL YOU'LL GET OUT OF HERE IS A FURNACE BLAST!



YEAH? LOOK, YOU GOT ANOTHER DECK? WE COULD GO OVER TO MY PLACE AND HAVE A FEW ROUNDS OF CANAGTA! I GOT SOME LIQUID REFRESHMENTS...
WHY NOT? WE CAN'T STOP THE WEATHER, SO MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING TO FORGET IT!

OBEY THE LAW

THAT'S HOW MIKE HOGAN AND A STRANER NAMED LUKE FLEMING GOT TOGETHER FOR A FRIENDLY GAME OF CANASTA, BUT IT DIDN'T STAY FRIENDLY FOR LONG! FLEMING WAS DOING ALL THE WINNING! AND THE HEAT AND THE LIQUOR, WERE DOING SOMETHING TO HOGAN'S NERVES...



HE'S COLD-DECKING ME! FLEMING'S GOT SOMETHING IN HIS CRAW! MAYBE HE'S ON TO ME! MY PICTURES WERE ALL OVER THE PAPERS TILL LAST WEEK! MAYBE HE THINKS I'LL LET HIM SKIN ME JUST TO KEEP HIM FROM SQUEALING!



I'VE GOT MORE DOUGH IN MY BUREAU. FLEMING! FUNNY, I'VE PLAYED THIS GAME WITH SOME PRETTY SHARP BIRDS, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN TAKEN OVER LIKE THIS!



AW, IT'S JUST THE WAY THE CARDS RUN! TELL YOU WHAT, WE'LL UP THE ANTE SAY, A NICKLE A POINT, IF IT'S OKAY WITH YOU! THAT'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET EVEN!

A MAN ISN'T THE SAME WHEN HE'S HUNTED! HIS ANIMAL INSTINCTS COME TO THE FORE AND HE GETS 'JUMPY!' HOGAN WAS THAT WAY NOW...



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THIS STOOLEE STUFF, HAYES? LISTEN, IF YOU AREN'T MAN ENOUGH TO LOSE A FEW LOUSY BUCKS, THEN I'M THROUGH PLAYING WITH YOU!



AAH, YOU'RE CRAZY WITH THE HEAT HAYES, OR HOGAN, OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



COME ON, CUT THE ROUGH STUFF! WHY DON'T YOU GO SLEEP IT OFF?

I WON'T LET A PUNK LIKE YOU BLACKMAIL ME! YOU KNOW I'M HIDING FROM THE COPS! YOU'VE BEEN CHISELING ON EVERY HAND...AND I'M SUPPOSED TO SIT HERE AND TAKE IT! I DON'T PAY OFF TO SQUEALERS! YOU'D RAT ON ME, ANYHOW! BUT I'LL KILL YOU FIRST, FLEMING!



HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU'RE JUST PLAIN NUTS!

NOT NUTS ENOUGH TO LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT! YOU CAN'T BLUFF YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS! I KNOW A STOOLEE WHEN I SEE ONE!



NO! DON'T! GIVE ME A CHANCE! I'LL PROVE I'M NOT—

THERE, SQUEALER! TRY TALKING TO THE LAW NOW! NOW GO TO THE POLICE, FLEMING!



OBEDY THE LAW

DEAD AS A MACKERAL! WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU GOT ON YOU! A SPECIAL PASS FROM THE POLICE, MAYBE! YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING ME RIGHT ALONG, TAKING NOTES FOR THE LAW. I'LL BET! BUT THEY'LL NEVER SEE 'EM, FLEMING!



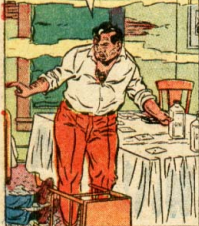
...LUKE FLEMING, REPRESENTIVE, FOWLER SHOE COMPANY... AND A TRAIN STUB! HUH! HE JUST BLEW IN THIS MORNING, IF THE DATE'S RIGHT ON THIS TICKET! HE COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ME! GOSH, I HAD FLEMING ALL WRONG!



LOOK, FLEMING, I MADE A MISTAKE, AND I'M SORRY! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY... PLAY MORE CANASTA IF YOU WANT! AW, COME ON, BOY! YOU AREN'T REALLY DEAD! IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE, SO YOU COULDN'T BE DEAD!



OKAY, THEN, PLAY LIKE YOU'RE DEAD! I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE DEAD! JUST DON'T BOTHER ME!



THE HEAT KEPT ROARING UP IN HOGAN'S EARS! FOR AN HOUR HE SAT SULKING, DRINKING, WATCHING HIS VICTIM! HE HELD A ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION WITH THE CORPSE UNTIL HE WEARIED OF IT...

WHAT'S MATTER, FLEMING, CAT GOTCHA TONGUE? HAD PLENTY TO SAY BEFORE! WELL, NOBODY SAYS I GOTTA SIT HERE AND LOOK AT YOUR UGLY PUSS! STAY DEAD IF YA WANT! I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT YOU! I'LL TURN A LIGHT OFF AN' SEE HOW YOU LIKE THAT!



WHAT'D YOU WANT TO DO THAT FOR, HOGAN? YOU'RE A SOREHEAD! A BIG BILLBURR OF A SOREHEAD!

HUH? SO YOU HAD TO WAIT TILL I TURNED THE LIGHTS OFF TO TALK! YOU TWO-BIT CHESELER, TRYING TO PULL A STACKED DECK!



YOU'RE A ROTTEN LOSER, HOGAN! I WOULDN'T PLAY CARDS WITH YOU AGAIN EVEN IF YOU GOT DOWN ON YOUR KNEES AND BEGGED ME!

SHUT YOUR TRAP, FLEMING, OR I'LL BEAT...HUH! YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD, SO YOU CAN SAY ANYTHING YOU WANT—BUT NOT IN MY FLAT YOU WON'T!



GOING TO GET RID OF ME, HOGAN? HOW? THEY'LL CATCH YOU TAKING ME DOWN! SOMEBODY'LL SEE YOU! WHERE COULD YOU TAKE ME WITHOUT SOMEBODY SEEING YOU?

YEAH, I GOTTA WAIT! WHAT TIME IS IT? I'LL FIND SOME PLACE, FLEMING, WHEN NOBODY'S AROUND!



FOR THE NEXT FORTY MINUTES ONLY THE OCCASIONAL MOAN OF A DISTANT TUG WHISTLE BROKE THE BREATHLESS STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT! THEN, SUDDENLY, FROM A NEARBY TOWER, A BIG CLOCK BOOMED ONCE...

W-WHAT WAS THAT? ONE O'CLOCK, HOGAN! YOU GOING TO DITCH ME NOW, OR DO I FLOP HERE TILL THE POLICE COME AND FIND ME? OH, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SO MAD, HOGAN! YOU'RE IN A TIGHT SPOT, PAL!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

IT WAS VERY QUIET OVER AT THE PRECINCT! THERE HADN'T BEEN AN ARREST ALL EVENING AND NOT A BEEF FROM ANYBODY EXCEPT ABOUT THE HEAT! MOST NEW YORKERS WERE SIMMERING IN SILENCE, BUT PATROLMAN HALMAN WAS MOST VOLUBLE...

WHOOOSH! SOMEBODY TOSSES ME A BLOTTER! I'M DRIPPING!

OH, IT'S THE WALKING ICEBERG! HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU, HALMAN?



THEY'LL STOP YOU FROM FOLLOWING ME! I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU!

WHO IN THE WORLD IS RUNNING ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?



GOTTA HAVE HIS! YOU GOTTA MAKE HIM GET AWAY AND STOP TALKIN'! HE STARTED THE WHOLE THING! NOW I CAN'T SHUT HIM UP!

UH-OH! HERE'S ONE FOR BELLEVUE'S BUTTERFLY WARD! GRAB HIM, HALMAN!

HOLD IT! I KNOW WHO THIS GUY IS! IT'S MIKE HOGAN, THE PUNK THAT SHOT TOM MAHONEY! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



HEAR HIM? HE COLD-DECKED ME, THE RAT! I BEAT HIS HEAD IN WITH A CHAIR, AND THREW HIM DOWN THE SEWER, BUT HE WON'T QUIT FOLLOWING ME! I CAN'T MAKE HIM SHUT UP! STONE-COLD DEAD, BUT HE KEEPS ON YAPPING! SHUT UP, FLEMING!

THIS GUY HAG THE D.Y.S. SERGEANT!

NO, IT ISN'T ALL LIQUOR, CAGLIONE! LET HOGAN TALK! HE'D ONLY GO TO PRISON FOR WHAT HE DID TO POOR MAHONEY BECAUSE MAHONEY WILL PULL THROUGH! I WANT TO SEE HOGAN GET WHAT'S GOING TO HIM! IF HE MURDERED SOMEBODY, I WANT TO SEE HIM GET THE CHAIR!

LET'S HAVE IT AGAIN, HOGAN! YOU SAY YOU THREW SOMEONE NAMED FLEMING INTO A SEWER AFTER YOU KILLED HIM? WHERE IS THE SEWER, HOGAN?

ON BLEEKER STREET... IN FRONT OF #22! BUT HE CAME BACK UP! DON'T YOU SEE HIM BEHIND ME? YOU GOT TO MAKE HIM STOP FOLLOWING ME!

OH, THE WHOLE FORCE'LL BE TICKLED ABOUT THIS! HALMAN, TAKE THAT RAT BACK AND LOCK HIM UP! CAGLIONE, GO OVER TO BLEEKER STREET AND LOOK IN THE SEWER! AND DON'T FORGET YOUR FLASHLIGHT! IF YOU SEE THE BODY THERE, GIVE ME A CALL, AND I'LL SEND A VAN!

YOU CAN KEEP FLEMING AWAY FROM ME, CAN'T YOU? IF YOU TELL HIM TO, MAYBE HE'LL SHUT UP!



SHUT HIM UP, NOTHING! I HOPE HE HAUNTS YOU ALL THE WAY TO THE HOT SEAT!

HAI JUST WAIT TILL MIKE HOGAN WAKES UP TOMORROW MORNING AND FINDS HIMSELF BEHIND BARS! I'D LIKE TO GET A PICTURE OF THAT!

WHAT'D I SAY EARLIER? I SAID EVEN A MURDERER WOULD HAVE TO WALK IN HERE UNDER HIS OWN POWER! IF HE WANTED TO GET PINCHED! AND DARNED IF ONE DIDN'T, CAGLIONE!

YEAH, DARNED IF ONE DIDN'T!



THE END

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

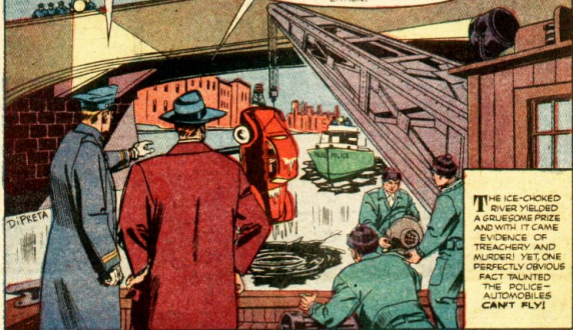
A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY

HOT CARS AND COLD, CALCULATING,
MURDEROUS SCHEMING LEAD TO A

JANUARY SLAYRIDE

WELL, THERE IT IS, GORDON! THAT TUG CAPTAIN WASN'T SO CRAZY AFTER ALL! WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE IS HOW THE CAR GOT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER — AND WHY!

WE'LL HAVE THE ANSWER TO THAT — AND PERHAPS MORE — WHEN WE FIGURE OUT HOW A CAR, WEIGHING OVER A TON WAS ABLE TO LEAP A HIGH CURB AND JUMP AN EVEN HIGHER STONE FENCE OF THE BRIDGE WITHOUT HAVING TOUCHED EITHER!



THE ICE-CHOKED RIVER YIELDED A GRUESOME PRIZE AND WITH IT CAME EVIDENCE OF TREACHERY AND MURDER! YET, ONE PERFECTLY OBVIOUS FACT TAUNTED THE POLICE — AUTOMOBILES CAN'T FLY!

IN THE FALL OF 1946 AN OBNOXIOUS CHARACTER NAMED MAC RICKERT WAS RELEASED FROM THE BIG HOUSE, AFTER SERVING OUT A THREE-YEAR STRETCH...

WELL, THIS IS THE DAY, EH, RICKERT? LOTS OF LUCK TO YOU!

DON'T GIVE ME THE GLAD HAND PAL! I DON'T HAVE TO LICK YOUR BOOTS OR ANYONE ELSE'S! I'M A FREE MAN NOW — AND ANY GOOD LUCK I HAVE I'LL MAKE!



SORRY YOU FEEL THAT WAY, RICKERT, BECAUSE YOU'LL BE BACK UP HERE SOME DAY, AND YOU'LL WANT FRIENDS!

I DON'T NEED FRIENDS THAT BAD, WISE GUY! AND NEXT TIME YOU HEAR ABOUT ME I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY AND SELL A THOUSAND PUNKS LIKE YOU!



OBEY THE LAW



ON YOUR WAY, BUM!

BY THE WAY, THE WARDEN GAVE ME TEN BUCKS TO START ME ON MY WAY IN THE BIG NASTY OLD WORLD! YOU TAKE IT, BOY...BUY YOURSELF A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES!

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GATE A MAN WAS WAITING FOR RICKERT... HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, TONY WAGNER...



A CADDY, NO LESS! YOU'VE BEEN DOING ALL RIGHT BY YOURSELF, TONY!

HELLO, MAC! GLAD TO SEE YOU!

BEFORE LONG, I'LL HAVE A FLEET OF THESE HEAPS!

HA! HA! SAME OLD MAC RICKERT! I'M SATISFIED WITH JUST THIS ONE... NOT THAT I COULDN'T AFFORD A DOZEN, BUT THERE'S A LOT MORE PROFIT IN SELLING THEM!



YOU MEAN YOU SELL THESE THINGS—LEGIT?

HECK, NO! I PEDdle THEM AT A COUPLE OF GRAND PROFIT ON EACH! NOT ONLY CADDIES, MAC... ANYTHING WITH WHEELS AND A MOTOR!



HOT CARS, TONY? YOU GOT ROOM FOR ME?

I GOT ROOM! A GOOD SPOT, MAC! THERE'S PLENTY OF DOUGH LAYING AROUND THESE DAYS, AND I'M HELPING MYSELF TO ALL I CAN GET AWAY WITH!



IS IT SAFE, TONY? I DON'T LIKE BEING IN THE PEN AND I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK! FROM NOW ON I PLAY IT SMART... AND GET RICH!

I GOT A GOOD FRONT LEG, TOO! THERE'S A FEW FRENCH CARS COMING OVER HERE... BENEVE, THEY'RE CALLED! THEY SELL FAST, AND I MAKE A FEW BUCKS, BUT THE MAIN THING IS, THEY'RE A GOOD COVER... SAFE!



I'M GIVING YOU A GOOD JOB IN MY ORGANIZATION, MAC, BECAUSE I'M MARRIED TO YOUR SISTER! BUT IT'S MY SHOW! PLAY SQUARE WITH ME AND YOU'LL MAKE DOUGH... PLENTY OF DOUGH!

SURE, TONY... SURE! YOU'RE THE BOSS!

SO MAC RICKERT WENT TO WORK AS FRONT MAN IN HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S AUTO SHOWROOM ON THE MAIN STEW! A FEW DAYS LATER, MILES GORDON, THE DETECTIVE WHO HAD ARRESTED HIM THREE YEARS BEFORE, PAID HIM A VISIT...



I JUST DROPPED IN TO SEE HOW YOU'RE DOING, RICKERT! I'M GLAD YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON UP THERE! I'LL TRY TO STEER SOME CUSTOMERS YOUR WAY, AND SEE THAT...

GET THIS STRAIGHT, GUMSHOE! I DON'T LIKE YOU! YOU PINCHED ME ON A BUM RAP, AND MADE A HERO OUT OF YOURSELF! I TOOK A THREE-YEAR RAP FOR DOING SOMETHING OTHER GUYS GET AWAY WITH! AGAIN... I DON'T LIKE YOU! SO BEAT IT AND STAY OUT OF MY HAIR!

WAGNER MOTORS

OBEY THE LAW



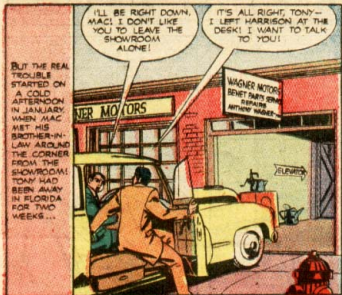
YOU CALL BEING SENT UP FOR BLACK MARKET OPERATIONS A BUM RAP? BUSTER, YOU'VE JUST GOT A WARPED SENSE OF RIGHT AND WRONG! WELL, IT WAS MY ERROR, RICKERT— YOU DIDN'T LEARN A THING IN PRISON!

YEAH, SURE I DID! I LEARNED NOT TO GET CAUGHT NEXT TIME!



IF YOU GET MIXED UP IN ANYTHING THAT ISN'T ON THE UP AND UP, I'LL MAKE IT MY BUSINESS TO SEE THAT YOU REALLY LEARN SOMETHING AND THAT YOU GET PLENTY OF TIME TO DO IT IN!

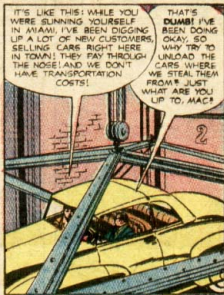
BLOW, GORDON! ON YOUR WAY! JUST TRY MAKING TROUBLE FOR ME— I THRIVE ON IT!



I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN, MAC! I DON'T LIKE YOU TO LEAVE THE SHOWROOM ALONE!

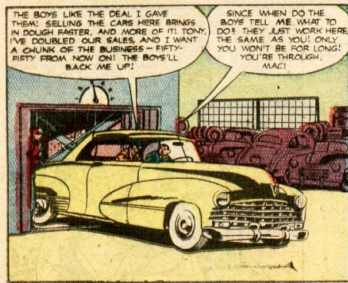
IT'S ALL RIGHT, TONY— I LEFT HARRISON AT THE DESK! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

BUT THE REAL TROUBLE STARTED ON A COLD AFTERNOON IN JANUARY, WHEN MAC MET HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE SHOWROOM! TONY HAD BEEN AWAY IN FLORIDA FOR TWO WEEKS...



IT'S LIKE THIS: WHILE YOU WERE SUNNING YOURSELF IN MIAMI, I'VE BEEN DIGGING UP A LOT OF NEW CUSTOMERS, SELLING CARS RIGHT HERE IN TOWN! THEY PAY THROUGH THE NOSE! AND WE DON'T HAVE TRANSPORTATION COSTS!

THAT'S DUMB! I'VE BEEN DOING OKAY, SO WHY TRY TO UNLOAD THE CARS WHERE WE STEAL THEM FROM? JUST WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, MAC?



THE BOYS LIKE THE DEAL I GAVE THEM! SELLING THE CARS HERE BRINGS IN DOUGH FASTER, AND MORE OF IT! TONY, I'VE DOUBLED OUR SALES, AND I WANT A CHUNK OF THE BUSINESS— FIFTY-FIFTY FROM NOW ON! THE BOYS'LL BACK ME UP!

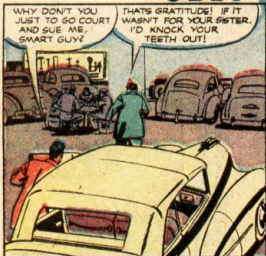
SINCE WHEN DO THE BOYS TELL ME WHAT TO DO? THEY JUST WORK HERE, THE SAME AS YOU! ONLY YOU WON'T BE FOR LONG! YOU'RE THROUGH, MAC!



NO— YOU'RE THROUGH, CHUMP! THE ORGANIZATION IS WITH ME, NOW!

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST YOU! THE MINUTE I TURN MY BACK, YOU STICK A KNIFE IN IT! WELL, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THAT KIND OF STUFF— I'LL CLEAR OUT THE WHOLE MOB!

OBEY THE LAW



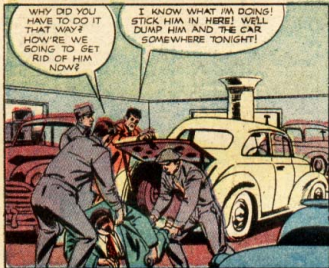
WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO TO COURT AND SUE ME, SMART GUY?

THAT'S GRATITUDE! IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR SISTER, I'D KNOCK YOUR TEETH OUT!



YOU SHOULD'VE GUIT WHILE YOU WERE AHEAD, SUCKER!

N..NO! DON'T, MAC! DON'T RUN ME OVER!!



WHY DO YOU HAVE TO DO IT THAT WAY? HOW'RE WE GOING TO GET RID OF HIM NOW?

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! STICK HIM IN HERE! WE'LL DUMP HIM AND THE CAR SOMEWHERE TONIGHT!



WHAT ABOUT HIS BUS, MAC? THEY'LL WANT TO KNOW HOW COME THE CADDY IS BACK AND TONY ISN'T! WHY NOT CRACK IT UP SOMEWHERE WITH HIM IN IT? THEN WE GOT AN ACCIDENTAL DEATH!

THE CADDY'S WORTH FIVE GRAND! I'M NOT THROWING THAT KIND OF DOUGH AWAY! GET A COUPLE OF THE BOYS TO GIVE IT A FAST PAINT JOB! WE'LL SELL IT, TOMORROW!



AT JUST ABOUT THAT TIME, A YOUNG BROOKLYN SALESMAN, JOHNNY WILLARD, WAS DISCUSSING THE PURCHASE OF A NEW CAR...

IT ISN'T THAT I CAN AFFORD ANOTHER CAR, DAD, BUT WITH MY DODGE STOLEN, I'D HAVE TO GIVE UP MY JOB! I CAN'T SELL THINGS WITHOUT TRANSPORTATION!

I KNOW, SON! SORRY I HAD TO GET SICK! I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU...



THESE FOREIGN CARS WOULD BE AS MUCH OF A MYSTERY TO YOU AS THEY ARE TO ME, DAD! ALL I'VE GOT TO GO BY IS THIS AD! I JUST WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO TRAVEL TO THE OTHER END OF THE CITY TO GET A LOOK AT IT!

WELL, DON'T BUY TILL YOU'RE SURE A BENET IS WHAT YOU WANT!



AN HOUR LATER, JOHNNY WALKED INTO THE SHOWROOM AT WAGNER MOTORS, AND ASKED TO LOOK AT THE BENET CAR! MAC RICKERT WAS ON HAND TO WAIT ON THE PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER...

I'M A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED! IT'S NOT WHAT I HAD IN MIND!

IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR BUSINESS, BUT NOT THE KIND OF A BUS TO IMPRESS THE LADIES, EH? I UNDERSTAND! LATER, IN ABOUT AN HOUR, WE'RE GETTING A FEW MORE MODELS! YOU MIGHT GO FOR THE CONVERTIBLE!

OBEY THE LAW



ON THE OTHER HAND, WE'VE GOT A GOOD SELECTION OF USED CARS UPSTAIRS! IF YOU CARE TO LOOK AT THEM WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE BENET CONVERTIBLE MODELS, YOU MAY SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE!

ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO!



HAVE A LOOK AROUND, MR. WILLARD! I'LL CALL THE DISTRIBUTORS AND SEE IF THOSE BENETS ARE ON THE WAY UP!

THANKS, MR. RICKERT!



WHY'D YOU BRING HIM UP HERE, MAC! AT LEAST YOU COULD HAVE WAITED 'TILL WE GOT THAT DOG!

DON'T WORRY! I WON'T SELL IT TO HIM! HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S IN THE TRUNK!

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING VERY FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT DOG EVEN THOUGH IT HAD A NEW PAINT JOB! JOHNNY RECOGNIZED CERTAIN MARKS—NICKS AND DENTS—THAT MAKE ANY CAR RECOGNIZABLE TO ITS OWNER...



I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THAT GUY IS EYING THE DODGE, MAC! HE ACTS LIKE IT'S AN OLD FRIEND!

QUIT WORRYING! I'LL STEER HIM AWAY FROM IT! I'LL OFFER HIM A GOOD BUY ON SOMETHING ELSE TO GET RID OF HIM, IF I HAVE TO!



...I'D KNOW MY CAR ANYWHERE, MR. RICKERT! I TELL YOU, IT WAS STOLEN FROM ME!

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! WE'VE HAD THIS HEAP OVER A MONTH!



IT WAS STOLEN JUST LAST WEEK! LOOK—I'LL PROVE THIS IS MY CAR! I'VE GOT A KEY FOR THE TRUNK ON MY RING!

HEY! JUST A MINUTE THERE, WILLARD! KEEP AWAY FROM THAT TRUNK!



THERE YOU ARE! WHAT DID I... SAY!

TOO BAD FOR YOU, KID! YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO ME!



WH...WHAT IS THIS? WHAT ARE YOU G...GOING TO DO? NO! WAIT!

LET HIM HAVE IT, BURKARD!



NOW WE GOT ANOTHER STIFF ON OUR HANDS! WHAT IF SOMEBODY KNEW HE WAS COMING HERE, MAC?

I'LL SAY I NEVER SAW HIM! WHY BEEF ABOUT IT—IT'S DONE! AND IT'S NO HARDER TO GET RID OF TWO BODIES THAN ONE! I'VE ALREADY FIGURED OUT HOW AND WHERE WE'RE GOING TO DUMP 'EM!

OBEY THE LAW

SIX OR SEVEN HOURS LATER, AT 3 A.M. CAPTAIN NEAL ANDERS, OF THE TUG, STACY MALONE, WAS APPROACHING THE NORTH RIVER WASHINGTON BRIDGE AT 181ST STREET WHEN HE BEHELD A SIGHT THAT STARTLED AND AMAZED HIM...



GREAT DAY! I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!



GOT TO AVOID THAT BROKEN-OUT ICE, OR NOBODY'LL BELIEVE I SAW WHAT I SAW! BESIDES, IT MARKS THE SPOT!

THE CAPTAIN TIED UP NEAR DYKMAN STREET, AND HURRIED TO THE NEAREST POLICE PRECINCT! BUT HE HAD SOME DIFFICULTY CONVINCING THE DESK SERGEANT AS TO THE TRUTH OF HIS STORY...



LISTEN, SERGEANT—I HAVE A LOAD TO DELIVER AT THE HEAD OF THE ISLAND! DO YOU THINK I'D TAKE MY VALUABLE TIME TO MAKE UP THIS YARN AND COME HERE WITH IT? I'M TELLING YOU...

ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN, I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE STATION OVER THERE—BUT A CAR JUMPING THE RAILING WITHOUT TOUCHING IT! PHEW!

SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN LIEUTENANT LYONS AND DETECTIVE GORDON WERE DIRECTING THE SEARCH FOR THE MYSTERIOUS HIGH-JUMPING CAR! A GAPING HOLE IN THE ICE BELOW THE BRIDGE BORE OUT THE TUG CAPTAIN'S REPORT...



THERE'S A CAR DOWN THERE, ALL RIGHT! THE PRESSURE WAS TOO GREAT FOR ME TO OPEN THE DOOR—BUT AS FAR AS I COULD SEE, THERE WASN'T A BODY INSIDE! I'VE FASTENED THE DERRICK HOOKS, SO YOU CAN HAUL IT AWAY!

DARNEST THING I'VE HEARD OF! CARS DON'T FLY! WELL, LET'S GET IT UP! MAYBE WE CAN FIND THE ANSWER!

WITHIN AN HOUR THE CAR WAS ON SHORE, THE TRUNK BROKEN OPEN AND THE POLICE HAD A COUPLE OF ANSWERS—TWO BODIES! AND BY LATE AFTERNOON NOT ONLY WERE THE MURDERED VICTIMS IDENTIFIED BUT THEIR NEXT OF KIN HAD BEEN NOTIFIED AND BROUGHT TO THE MORGUE...



TONY PHONED ME FROM NORFOLK THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY! HE WAS ON THE WAY UP FROM MIAMI! I WAS WORRIED LAST NIGHT—HE SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED HOME—BUT MY BROTHER SAID IT WOULD BE ALL RIGHT, THAT TONY COULD TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! HUH! NOT ANY MORE HE CAN! MY POOR TONY!

DID YOUR HUSBAND HAVE ENEMIES, MRS. WAGNER?

A MAN LIKE TONY MAKES ENEMIES! HE COULD BE TOUGH WHEN HE WANTED TO BE, BUT HE HAD A SOFT SIDE! WHY, HE Hired MY BROTHER MAC, WHEN HE—HE...



WHEN HE WHAT, MRS WAGNER? CAME OUT OF PRISON? YOUR BROTHER IS MAC RICKERT! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

MR. WILLARD, WOULD YOUR SON HAVE ANY REASON TO GO UP TO AN AUTOMOBILE SHOWROOM—A BENET SHOWROOM—MILES FROM WHERE YOU LIVE?



Y-YES, I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO WITH HIM, BUT I WAS SICK! JOHNNY'S DODGE WAS STOLEN ABOUT A WEEK AGO, AND HE NEEDED A NEW CAR! HE SAW AN AD FOR THE BENET IN THE EAGLE...

OBEDY THE LAW

A '38 DOODGE COUPE! IT ALL TIED TOGETHER! A STOLEN CAR, REPAINTED BUT WITH THE SERIAL NUMBERS STILL ON THE MOTOR, TONY WAGNER'S MYSTERIOUSLY BIG INCOME, MAC RICKERT WORKING FOR HIM! DETECTIVE GORDON LOST NO TIME PAYING RICKERT A VISIT, AND WAS SURPRISED BY A COMPLETE CHANGE OF ATTITUDE ON THE PART OF THE EX-CON...

IF MY BROTHER-IN-LAW WAS PEDDLING HOT CARS, IT WASN'T FROM HERE! SEE, WE HAVEN'T A CAR ON THE FLOOR! POOR TONY! HE HAD BIG IDEAS ABOUT THIS BUSINESS... THAT'S WHAT ALL THAT EXTRA SPACE IS FOR!

RICKERT, THIS SMELLS FISHY TO ME! ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'RE NOT THE DEFIANT EX-CON... YOU'RE THE HEART-BROKEN BROTHER-IN-LAW OF A MURDERED CROOK! YOU KNOW A LOT MORE THAN YOU'LL ADMIT...

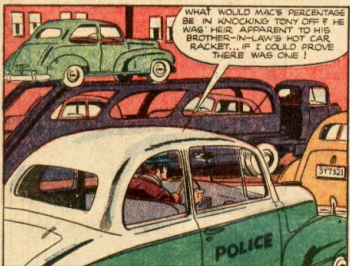


I SWEAR, GORDON! I'VE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF! TONY GAVE ME A BREAK! I COULDN'T HURT HIM! WHAT WOULD THE PERCENTAGE BE FOR ME TO KNOCK TONY OFF? AND THAT OTHER GUY... WHAT'S HIS NAME... I NEVER SAW HIM!

WELL, STICK AROUND, RICKERT... I MAY WANT TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN!



WHAT WOULD MAC'S PERCENTAGE BE IN KNOCKING TONY OFF? HE WAS HIS APPARENT TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW'S HOT CAR RACKET... IF I COULD PROVE THERE WAS ONE!



RICKERT IS PUTTING ON AN ACT! HE'S CHANGED... IN A PIG'S EYE! HE SAID HE WOULDN'T GET CAUGHT NEXT TIME! ...BLAST THESE TRAILERS! YOU CAN'T SEE PAST THEM! IT'S LIKE DRIVING BEHIND A... HOLD IT! MAYBE THAT'S THE ANSWER!



IF RICKERT HAD ONE OF THESE CAR CARRIERS HANDY, HE COULD HAVE LOADED THE DOODGE ON TOP OF IT! THE BRIDGE WOULD BE DESERTED AT THAT TIME OF NIGHT, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT WAS SO COLD... AND THE TRAILER COULD HAVE BACKED UP TO THE GUARD RAIL! YES, THAT COUPE WAS RUN OFF A TRAILER TOP INTO THE RIVER!

IF A CAR WAS INVOLVED, IT PROBABLY BELONGED TO THE BENET COMPANY! GORDON LOOKED UP THE ADDRESS, AND TORE DOWNTOWN TO THE DISTRIBUTOR'S WAREHOUSE ON TWELFTH AVENUE...



...THIS ISN'T JUST A MATTER OF GETTING IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR BOSS, MULLINS! IF YOU CONCEAL EVIDENCE, YOU'LL BE IN TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE! YOU'D BETTER TALK UP!

I... I... WELL, IT WAS LATE, AND THERE WERE NO MORE DELIVERIES TO MAKE, SO WHEN MR. RICKERT ASKED IF HE COULD BORROW IT FOR AN HOUR... FOR 25 BUCKS... I LEFT THE KEY IN THE IGNITION, AND WENT ACROSS THE STREET TO A DINER! I... I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A MURDER!



YOU SEE, MR. BRIGHTON, RICKERT COULD HAVE REMOVED NOT ONLY THE CAR WITH THE BODIES IN ITS TRUNK, BUT HE COULD HAVE TRANSPORTED ALL THE STOLEN CARS IN JUST A COUPLE OF TRIPS TO SOME OTHER PLACE! TELL ME, WHEN DO YOU MAKE YOUR NEXT DELIVERY TO THEM?

A FEW CARS ARE SUPPOSED TO GO THERE TONIGHT!



OBEY THE LAW

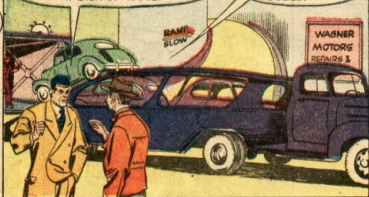
MULLINS, I WANT YOU TO DELIVER THOSE CARS! I WANT YOU TO CONFRONT RICKERT, TELL HIM YOU FOLLOWED HIM THE OTHER NIGHT, THAT YOU SAW HIM DUMP THE DODGE IN THE RIVER AND NOW THAT YOU'VE LEARNED WHAT WAS IN THE CAR, YOU WANT MORE MONEY! I'LL BE RIGHT HANDY WHEN YOU NEED ME!

SURE, MR. GORDON! I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP ALL I CAN TO SQUARE MYSELF!



...SO WHEN YOU LEARNED FROM THE PAPERS THAT IT WAS MY BROTHER-IN-LAW WHOSE BODY WAS FOUND IN THAT DODGE, YOU FIGURED I USED YOUR TRAILER TO DUMP IT IN THE RIVER? ALL RIGHT, MULLINS, WHAT IS IT GOING TO COST ME TO SHUT YOUR MOUTH? UH— COME UPSTAIRS AND WE'LL TALK IT OVER IN PRIVATE!

NIX, RICKERT! I DON'T WANT THE SAME DEAL YOU GAVE MR. WAGNER AND THE WILLARD BOY! WE'LL DO OUR TALKING RIGHT HERE, OR I'LL TALK TO THE POLICE!



GET OVER TO THAT ELEVATOR, MULLINS OR I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU RIGHT NOW! I KILLED TWO OTHER MEN WHO GOT IN MY WAY, SO YOU KNOW I'M NOT BLUFFING! MOVE... HUH?

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR YOU SAY, RICKERT! DROP THAT GUN!



GO TO BLAZES, GORDON! I'M NOT CAUGHT YET— AND YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

MAYBE NOT ALIVE, BUT I'LL GET YOU! THIS PLACE IS SURROUNDED BY POLICE!



HE WENT UP IN THE ELEVATOR! FOLLOW ME, MEN!



WHEN GORDON REACHED THE HEAD OF THE RAMP, RICKERT WAS CLIMBING INTO A BENET, AND THE DETECTIVE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS UP TO— RICKERT WOULD TEAR DOWN THE RAMP AT FULL SPEED, MAYBE KILL A COUPLE OF OFFICERS, AND MAKE A BOLD BID FOR FREEDOM! GORDON'S MOVE WAS TO BLOCK THAT RAMP!

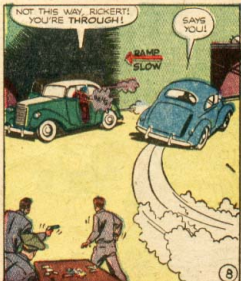
RAMP SLOW

DON'T JUST SIT THERE, YOU MUGS, GET THAT COP!



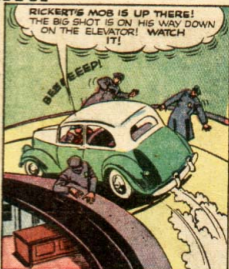
NOT THIS WAY, RICKERT! YOU'RE THROUGH!

SAYS YOU!



OBEY THE LAW

BEATEN TO THE RAMP, RICKERT HEADED FOR THE ELEVATOR! HE WAS DESPERATE! HE KNEW HE FACED THE CHAIR! HE DROVE THE BENET ONTO THE ELEVATOR, BUT FORGOT WHAT WAS DOWN BELOW, BLOCKING HIS PATH! THE ACTION HAD BEEN SO FAST THAT RICKERT'S MOB DIDN'T START SHOOTING UNTIL GORDON WAS ON THE RAMP HEADED FOR THE STREET!



MULLING, PULL OUT OF HERE, QUICK, OR I'LL PUT A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD! GET ME AWAY AND THERE'S A THOUSAND BUCKS IN IT FOR YOU!

KEEP YOUR DOUGH, RICKERT—IT MESSED ME UP ONCE! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE, BUT BROTHER, SOME DAY I'M GOING TO MEET YOU WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT A GUN IN YOUR HAND!



BUT RICKERT'S DESPERATE BID FOR ESCAPE WAS IN VAIN! A SWARM OF PROM. CARS MET THE TRUCK AS IT ROLLED FROM THE GARAGE, AND THE KILLER WAS CONVOYED TO THE STATION-HOUSE ON THE VERY TRAILER HE USED TO DISPOSE OF HIS VICTIMS.

DON'T BE A CHUMP MISTER! PULL THAT TRIGGER AND...

HOLD IT! I CAN'T TAKE ON THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE!



OKAY, GORDON, SO YOU'RE A BIG HERO. AGAIN! ONLY THIS TIME THE RAP WON'T STICK!

SURE, MAC, KEEP TELLING YOURSELF THAT! EVEN WHEN THEY STRAP YOU IN THE HOT SEAT!



IN SHORT ORDER MAC RICKERT WAS INDICTED, TRIED, FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE, AND SENTENCED TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! LATER, WHEN DETECTIVE GORDON LET HIM THROUGH THE GATES AT SING SING...

WELL, WELL—SO YOU FINALLY MADE IT! I WAS EXPECTING YOU SOONER... GAVED THAT TEN SPOT YOU TOSSED AT ME RICKERT! HERE IT IS!

FUNNY GUY!

RICKERT WON'T NEED IT, JOE—NOT WHERE HE'S GOING!



HOW THEY WERE TRAPPED

by C.H. MOORE



STRANGER THAN FICTION!

"VICKIE" JAMES WAS STRUCK DOWN BY A HIT AND RUN CAR ON A SIDE STREET IN SYRACUSE, N.Y. BUT THE DRIVER WAS QUICKLY APPREHENDED AND PUNISHED FOR THE MURDER OF "VICKIE"!

WHEN HIS CAR STRUCK HER—THE FRONT LICENSE PLATE CAME OFF OF THE CAR AND LANDED NEXT TO THE BODY!



MAE WHEATON—Ohio Telephone Operator HEARD A GRUFF VOICE DEMAND RANSOM FOR THE RETURN OF THE MAYOR'S SON. WHILE THE MAYOR TALKED TERMS TO THE KIDNAPPER, MAE TRACED THE CALL AND NOTIFIED THE POLICE!

HER ALERT ACTION TRAPPED THE KIDNAPPER BEFORE HE COULD LEAVE THE PHONE BOOTH FROM WHICH HE WAS CALLING!



THE GROOVES MADE BY A BROKEN CHISEL ON A SUPER MARKET SAFE MATCHED PERFECTLY WITH THE BROKEN EDGE OF A CHISEL THAT BELONGED TO A PLUMBER WORKING IN THE BUILDING!



JOE MORTIZIN
of Nebraska

WAS TRAILED FROM A GROCERY STORE HE ROBBED BY A BALL OF STRING THAT CAUGHT ONTO HIS SHOE AS HE LEFT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!



TOM REYNOLDS of New York, WAS ROBBED TWICE BY THE SAME MAN—SO HE MARKED SOME MONEY AND LEFT IT IN THE CASH REGISTER! WHEN HE WAS ROBBED A THIRD TIME, THE CROOK WAS QUICKLY TRACED AND CAUGHT WHEN HE STARTED SPENDING THE MONEY!



CAUGHT BY A SPIDER WEB!

LARRY ORTIS
Chicago

CLAIMED THAT HIS WIFE WAS SLAIN BY A BURGLAR WHO MADE HIS ESCAPE BY THE KITCHEN WINDOW—BUT HE COULDN'T EXPLAIN HOW THE BURGLAR CRAWLED THRU THE DUST-COVERED SPIDER WEB ON THE WINDOW LEDGE!

Can a Criminal Be Too Smart? Read the Story of George Courtney-

THE MAN WHO TRAPPED HIMSELF



GEORGE COURTNEY read the newspaper story carefully as he ate his breakfast. Between sips of coffee he considered its significance. He regarded David Gregg, the F.B.I. agent assigned to the case, a complete fool; and from this story the whole notorious Harris mob seemed just as stupid. Nevertheless, it bothered him a little.

According to the newspaper, the Northwest Mounties had traced a recent bank robbery in Ottawa to the Harris mob, and expected soon to capture the criminals. This bothered Courtney because of Gregg's attempt to connect him with the mob. In other words Courtney was a fugitive—but he had no intention of being caught!

There was nothing in Courtney's manner that would make him appear to be a fugitive when, ~~later that day,~~ he strode into Windsor Station.

He was a full jump ahead of the law in spite of the foolishness of the Harris mob. He had checked out of his Montreal Hotel, ordered his luggage sent to the depot, and had strolled leisurely through Dominion Square, enjoying the crisp air of the winter evening. There was a mild flurry of snow, and he visualized the warm breezes of the southern shores of France, where, within a few weeks, he expected to be taking his ease.

As the porter rolled his bags through the station, Courtney studied the signs which were printed in both French and English. A tight smile flickered on his lips above the carefully trimmed beard. He had done well to pick Montreal as a jumping off place for his trip to Europe. He'd been able to brush up on his French, and cultivate a Latin manner as well. If people took him to be French, so much the better. A week at sea,

a brief stay in London, and he'd be off to enjoy the French Riviera for the winter season.

He showed his tickets at the train gate. They were in order, beginning with sleeping car accommodations to St. John, New Brunswick. There he would catch the liner *Empress of Java* for Liverpool. His luggage was checked through on the boat tickets. He followed the porter through the train gate. An hour later he had finished dinner aboard the train and was in his compartment. He took a deep breath. Everything had gone off perfectly. The danger was past!

Until a month before, George Courtney had been the respected cashier of the Niagara Trust Company at Newvale, in upstate New York. Then masked men engineered a stick-up, opened the bank vault, and got away with \$50,000.00 in cash as well as a large amount in negotiable securities. Courtney, bound and gagged by the robbers, had described them in detail — but his description differed from that given by three other people who had seen the men. That had been his only mistake.

David Gregg, the F.B.I. man, jumped on this discrepancy. He established the stick-up as the work of the Harris mob, but pointed out that George Courtney could easily have tipped off the robbers as to the combination of the vault, and as to when it would be filled with negotiables.

Courtney's obvious attempt to cover the identity of the crooks was a giveaway, but, before he could be arrested on suspicion, the cashier had crossed the border into Canada with his share of the loot. Even if the F.B.I. had been able to locate him, immediate extradition was impossible, for no criminal charge had yet been made.

Courtney's lip curled as he considered the stupidity of the Harris mob. Sure, he'd played ball with them! Sure, he'd gotten his share of the take, according to agreement! But after a job the size of the Niagara Trust robbery, you'd think they'd have sense enough to lay low for awhile. It was downright foolhardy for them to pull a job on the Canadian side right now.

Not that he cared what happened to them, but it was essential now that he get out of Canada quickly, just as he'd left the U.S.A., before any member of the mob might be caught and forced to testify against him.

Just that morning he had checked the steamship sailings. In summer the *Empress* ships sailed from Montreal and made a stop at Quebec enroute to Liverpool. But this was winter, and the liners were using the all-year port of St. John, New Brunswick. The trip was just as fast, for the boat train (the Maritime Limited) covered the run from Montreal to St. John overnight. This was the short line to the Maritime Provinces, cutting through the frozen wilds of northern Maine.

Baggage checked from one Canadian point to another was not subject to examination by United States customs officials, and since only through passengers rode on this train all were exempt. Courtney had thought of everything — even to changing his money and negotiables into pounds sterling, and having most of it deposited to his credit in English banks.

Shortly after midnight, at Megantic, the train stopped to drop the buffet car. The jolting and backing wakened Courtney. Then the jolting stopped and the train moved on.

The ex-cashier leaned back in his bunk sleepily. There was a knock on his door. He arose and unlocked it. As the door opened a hand pressed a light-switch and Courtney blinked in the glare. Then he recognized the muzzle of a businesslike revolver, and above it the face of David Gregg of the F.B.I., the man he had thought was a fool!

Before Courtney could even protest, Gregg explained.

"You're baggage is checked through safely, according to law, my friend, but you aren't! *You are now in the State of Maine* and I'm taking you off the train at Greenville! You're under arrest for complicity in the robbery of the Niagara Trust Company!"

The cashier dug his hands into his eyes, trying to wake up. He couldn't believe this was a real scene. He thought he had covered every contingency. His beard trembled. Then, wide awake, he forgot his French accent. So long as the Harris mob was at large, they still didn't have a case against him.

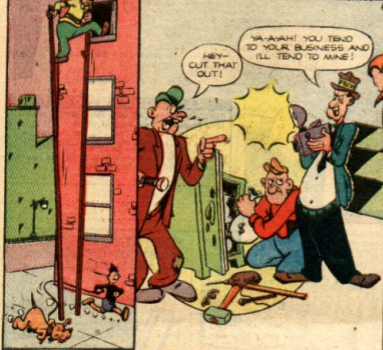
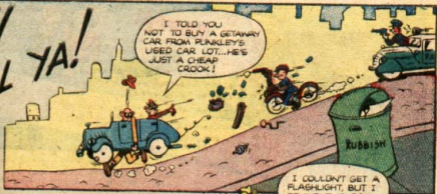
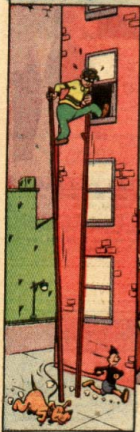
"So you read the papers, and guessed my next move!" he said. "That was smart, but I'm still one jump ahead of you! The Harris mob is in Canada, and unless you can prove they had a hand in the robbery, and will testify against me, you couldn't even get an indictment!"

The F.B.I. man grinned. "You're a jump in the wrong direction," he said. "They aren't in Canada! We bagged them four days ago in Carolina, and they spilled! We asked the Canadian papers to plant that Ottawa story. They did and you fell for it. You lost no time making the boat train. Thought you were lucky, getting that last minute reservation on the *Empress*, didn't you? That wasn't luck! We had it held for you! We wanted you in U.S. territory—even if it was on a train just passing through — long enough to put the clamps on you!"

The click of the handcuffs on Courtney's wrists sounded louder and sharper than the click and clatter of the pullman wheels. Gregg snapped the lock shut. It was the closing of a trap that Courtney himself had set, and that led him to a long term in the penitentiary.

THE END

This'll KILL YA!



Is Hospitalization Protection Worth 3½¢ a Day?



The Hospitalization Plan that Gives You PEACE OF MIND!

Here at last . . . a low cost plan that will help you meet the expenses that follow SICKNESS and ACCIDENT, in accordance with the terms of the New PAYMASTER POLICY. Every member of your family from birth to 75, in good health can enjoy new PEACE OF MIND for only a few cents a day. PAYMASTER pays CASH . . . DIRECT TO YOU for your own surgeon, in any hospital, in any city, REGARDLESS of any other insurance you may now own!

The following provisions available according to terms stipulated in policy.

- HOSPITAL RESIDENT
- SURGEON
- LABORATORY
- X-RAY
- OPERATING ROOM
- ANESTHESIA
- AMBULANCE
- ACCIDENTAL DEATH
- MATERNITY

(Optional at slight additional cost)

FREE Without obligation or risk on your part, we will send you complete and detailed information concerning the New PAYMASTER POLICY, now available to you and your entire family.

NO AGENT WILL CALL Don't delay. Protect yourself NOW . . . tomorrow may be too late! Mail the coupon at once for complete FREE details. **NO OBLIGATION . . . BUT ACT QUICKLY!**

MUTUAL HOSPITALIZATION INSURANCE CO
DEPT 1911 WILMINGTON 99, DELAWARE
Please send me FREE full details concerning your New PAYMASTER POLICY. **NO AGENT WILL CALL.**

Name _____
Address _____
City, Zone, State _____

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

A
**TRUE
CRIME**
STORY

HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU?

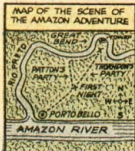
CAN YOU MATCH WITS WITH SPECIAL AGENT ALAN KENT IN

the POISON DART MURDER CASE

THIS IS ALAN KENT REPORTING! AS SPECIAL AGENT FOR THE PAN-AMERICAN INVESTIGATION BUREAU, SOME VERY ODD-AND TOUGH ASSIGNMENTS COME MY WAY! TAKE THIS CASE, FOR INSTANCE, WHEN RUPERT THORNDON, AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE, PULLED INTO HANDS ON THE AMAZON RIVER, CLAIMING THAT A CHAP NAMED RAMON HIDALGO HAD SOLD HIM SOME PHONY GOLD MINES, UP TOWARD THE HEADWATERS OF THE RIO PRETO! WHEN PAN-AM WANTED PROOF, THORNDON CHARTERED A RIVER BOAT AND INSISTED THAT I COME ALONG! WE HAD HIS SECRETARY, DORA GLENN, WITH US, AND ALSO A FRIEND NAMED PROFESSOR PETER FLOYD! BOTH HAD BEEN PRESENT WHEN HIDALGO PEDDLED THE GOLD CLAIMS! NATURALLY, WE TOOK HIDALGO ALONG, TOO! OUR RIVER TUB WAS CALLED THE SANTOS! ITS SKIPPER, CAPTAIN RALPH PATTON, WAS AS TOUGH AS THE BIG RIVER ITSELF!



ALAN KENT, SPECIAL AGENT



MAP OF THE SCENE OF THE AMAZON ADVENTURE



PROFESSOR PETER FLOYD

RAMON HIDALGO

RUPERT THORNDON

DORA GLENN

CAPTAIN RALPH PATTON

ART BY FRED GUARDWEER

WE'RE COMING INTO PORTO BELLO, THORNDON! FROM HERE IT'S ONLY A DAY'S TRIP UP THE RIO PRETO TO THOSE GOLD MINES HIDALGO TALKS ABOUT!

TALKS ABOUT IS THE CORRECT TERM! TOMORROW, HIDALGO, WE'LL PROVE THAT YOUR MINES ARE A RAKE!

NOT TOMORROW, SENOR THORNDON...

...BECAUSE PATTON, OUR CAPTAIN, SAYS THE WATER IS TOO HIGH FOR THE SANTOS TO FIGHT AGAINST THE CURRENT SO WE WILL GO BY LAND AND LAGOON—MAYBE A WEEK'S TRIP!

I'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! I CHARTERED THIS RACKET AND IT'S GOING WHERE I SAY! COME WITH ME, KENT! I WANT YOU AS A WITNESS WHEN I TALK TO CAPTAIN PATTON!

...AND IF YOU DON'T TAKE THE SANTOS UP THE RIO PRETO, I'LL HAVE YOUR LICENSE AND YOUR BOAT TAKEN FROM YOU AS SOON AS I GET BACK!

YOU MEAN WHEN WE GET BACK, THORNDON! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE MY CARGO UP THROUGH THE JUNGLE! PEOPLE DON'T ALWAYS COME BACK FROM THAT TREK, BUT THEY STAND A BETTER CHANCE THAN TRYING TO RUN THE RIVER WHEN IT'S HIGH!



OBEY THE LAW



WELL, PROFESSOR FLOYD, YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO CATCH BUTTERFLIES, PICK ORCHIDS, SKIN CROCODILES, OR WHATEVER YOU CAME ALONG FOR! WE'RE GOING TO HIKE FROM PORTO BELLO UP TO THE RIO PRETO!

A PLEASURE, INDEED KENT! THE MORE SO SINCE I'M SURE THAT RUPERT THORNDON WON'T RELISH IT! MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT WE MUST PUT UP WITH HIS COMPANY!

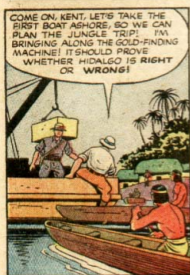
WHY, PROFESSOR FLOYD!



I THINK IT'S AN OUTRAGE FOR YOU TO CRITICISE A GOOD, KIND MAN LIKE MR. THORNDON! WHY HE'S MY FATHER'S BEST FRIEND—AND HE'S DONE A LOT FOR YOU, TOO!

YES, HE'S LEAVING A FORTUNE TO MY MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY BUT WHEN I THINK OF THE SHARP BUSINESS PRACTICES BY WHICH HE GAINED THAT FORTUNE—AH, WELL, IT'S HIS BUSINESS, NOT MINE!

BONG! BONG!



COME ON, KENT, LET'S TAKE THE FIRST BOAT ASHORE, SO WE CAN PLAN THE JUNGLE TRIP! I'M BRINGING ALONG THE GOLD-FINDING MACHINE! IT SHOULD PROVE WHETHER HIDALGO IS RIGHT OR WRONG!



IT'S A VERY VALUABLE MACHINE, AND I DON'T INTEND TO LET IT OUT OF MY SIGHT EVEN FOR AN INSTANT!

LOOK, OUT, THORNDON!



THUD!



A CLOSE CALL, THORNDON. BUT WE'RE SAFE AND SO IS THE GOLD FINDING MACHINE!

YES, KENT, WE'RE SAFE, THANKS TO YOU—BUT SOMEBODY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! I'M SURE THAT ROPE WAS CUT PURPOSELY!



LATER... MR. THORNDON IS SURE SOMEBODY PLOTTED TO KILL HIM...

I KNOW! HE TOLD ME THE SAME THING! BEING DOWN IN THE DUGOUT I COULDN'T SEE WHO WAS NEAR THAT ROPE! HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU, DORA! IT JUST CAME IN BY THE AMAZON MAIL PLANE!



OH!

WHAT'S HAPPENED, DORA?

OBEDIENCE THE LAW

IT'S FROM MY FATHER! HIS BUSINESS HAS FAILED—ALL BECAUSE MR. THORNDON WOULDN'T HELP HIM! I'M SUPPOSED TO SEE THAT MR. THORNDON'S LUGGAGE IS ALL BROUGHT FROM THE BOAT, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN FACE HIM RIGHT NOW!

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO DEPEND ON THORNDON, DORA!

I'M GOING DOWN TO THE SHANTON, DORA! I'LL SEE ABOUT THE LUGGAGE!

"WHEN I REACHED THE BOAT, I SAW A SHADOW MOVING IN THORNDON'S CABIN..."

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE, HIDALGO? I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO TURN YOU OVER TO CAPTAIN PATTON!

DO SO, SENOR SNOOPER, AND SEE HOW FAR IT WILL GET YOU!

GOOD WORK, KENT! I'LL LOCK HIDALGO IN A CABIN AND WHEN I LEAVE THE BOAT, I'LL PERSONALLY BRING THORNDON'S LUGGAGE UP TO HIS HOTEL!

THANKS, CAPTAIN!

BUT I WAS ONLY LOOKING FOR FORGED LETTERS AND OTHER FAKE EVIDENCE THAT THORNDON MIGHT HAVE PREPARED TO PROVE ME A SWINDLER!

AND HERE IS ALL YOUR LUGGAGE, MR. THORNDON!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN! THIS MEDICINE CHEST IS JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

COME OUT ON THE VERANDA AND WE'LL TASTE SOME OF THIS FINE, TWENTY-YEAR-OLD BRANDY! I STILL INTEND TO REPORT YOU, CAPTAIN PATTON, BUT MEANTIME, WE CAN AT LEAST PRETEND TO BE FRIENDS!

YOU'D BETTER FIND DORA, THORNDON! SHE'S BEEN WALKING AROUND THE VILLAGE LIKE A ZOMBI EVER SINCE SHE READ HER MAIL!

SO SHE'S HEARD ABOUT HER FATHER! TOO BAD! WELL, PROFESSOR, SIT DOWN AND HAVE A BRANDY! KENT AND I WILL GO AND LOOK FOR DORA LATER!

AN HOUR LATER...

DORA! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU! WHEN DID YOU COME BACK? WHERE'S CAPTAIN PATTON AND PROFESSOR FLOYD?

THEY MUST HAVE GONE BEFORE I RETURNED! BUT WHILE I'M HERE, I'M GOING TO SAY A FEW THINGS TO MR. THORNDON...

I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TOMORROW. DORA! RIGHT NOW I'M FEELING FEVERISH FROM THE HEAT! I MUST TAKE SOME QUININE TABLETS RIGHT AWAY!

WAIT, THORNDON! THOSE AREN'T QUININE TABLETS!

YOU—YOU'RE RIGHT, KENT! THEY'RE A DIFFERENT SHAPE! MAYBE THEY'RE POISON! SOMEONE MAY HAVE SWITCHED THEM FOR THE QUININE!

OBEY THE LAW

THE NEXT MORNING THE OVERLAND JOURNEY BEGAN...

I WANT YOU TO STAY WITH ME DURING THIS TRIP, KENT! THOSE TWO 'ACCIDENTS' MAY HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTS ON MY LIFE!

OKAY, THORNDON! I'LL KEEP MY EYE ON YOU!



BUT MEANWHILE DON'T GO MAKING MISTAKES OF YOUR OWN! ALWAYS FOLLOW THE MARKED TRAIL, THORNDON!

TH... THANKS, KENT! THAT—THAT CROCODILE WAS JUST WAITING FOR ME, WASN'T HE?



THAT NIGHT THE PARTY CAMPED IN A CLEARING SURROUNDED BY SMUDGE FIRES! AND THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

KENT! HIDALGO HAS DECAMPED! HE STARTED OFF INTO THE JUNGLE WITH SOME OF THE NATIVE GUIDES! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

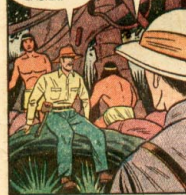
THAT'S EASY ENOUGH! HE CAN'T LEAVE THE BATH AND HOPE TO SURVIVE! I'LL OVERTAKE HIM!



LATER...

HELLO, KENT! LOOKING FOR ME? I JUST DECIDED TO GET AN EARLY START, SO THE HIKE WOULD BE EASIER!

OH, YOU DID, EH? WELL, YOU CAN KEEP RIGHT ON RESTING UNTIL THE OTHERS CATCH UP WITH US!



HELLO! WHERE'S THE REST OF THE PARTY?

CAPTAIN PATTON DECIDED TO HEAD OVER TO THE RIVER AND SEE HOW HIGH THE WATER IS! HE'LL MEET US AT THE GREAT BEND! MR. THORNDON WAS JUST GETTING READY TO START, SO I HURRIED AHEAD, RATHER THAN BE WITH HIM! THE PROFESSOR WAS STILL OUT CHASING BUTTERFLIES!

I'D BETTER GO BACK AND CHECK ON THEM!



THIS BLAZE-MARK IS FRESH AND IT LEADS AWAY FROM THE TRAIL! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SLASHED IT TO SEND THORNDON INTO THE JUNGLE!



HELLPP!!



BANG!



YOU SAY SOMEBODY BLAZED A FALSE TRAIL! NOW I KNOW MY LIFE IS AT STAKE! HIDALGO-PATTON-DORA— ALL STARTED AHEAD OF ME, SO ANY ONE OF THEM MIGHT HAVE DONE IT! THEY ALL HATE ME!

NEVERTHELESS, IF I WERE YOU, I'D BE CAREFUL ABOUT MAKING ACCUSATIONS UNTIL YOU'RE CERTAIN! I'LL HELP YOU ALONG THE TRAIL TO BIG ROCK AND THEN GO BACK AND FIND PROFESSOR FLOYD!



OBEY THE LAW

OTHERS SAY THEY GO AHEAD, YOU CATCH UP MEBBE!

ALL RIGHT, CHOLO!* AS MR. THORNDON GETS RESTED, YOU GUIDE HIM ALONG, WHILE I GO BACK TO FIND PROFESSOR FLOYD!

HERE COMES THE PROFESSOR, NOW, SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO BOTHER!

... AND I FOUND SOME RARE SPECIES OF BUTTERFLIES— SIMPLY HUGE!

YOU SHOULD TRY FINDING BOA CONSTRUCTORS, LIKE I DID! THEY'RE ON THE LARGE SIDE, TOO!

THAT DAY, THORNDON AND HIS PARTY REACHED THE GREAT BEND WHERE CAPTAIN PATTON REJOINED THEM! TOWARD DUSK THERE CAME THE BEAT OF TOM-TOMS FROM THE JUNGLE...

LOOK, CAPTAIN PATTON— WE FOUND THAT BARGE AND LAUNCHED IT!

GOOD! WE MAY BE ABLE TO POLE IT UP THE RIVER! I'LL STAY ON BOARD TONIGHT AND SEE WHAT SHAPE SHE'S IN!

WHAT DO THOSE STRANGE DRUMS MEAN?

PROBABLY THAT SOME HOSTILE NATIVES HAVE DISCOVERED OUR PRESENCE AND ARE WARNING US TO STAY OUT OF THEIR JUNGLE!

LOOK! CREEPING THERE THROUGH THE TALL GRASS...

STAY BACK, DORA! LET OUR NATIVES HANDLE IT!

THRUM! THRUM!

THRUM!

A JIBARO HEAD-HUNTER FROM EQUADOR! WELL, WELL! HE'S QUITE SOME DISTANCE FROM HIS NATIVE HAUNTS! AND THAT'S A BLOW-GUN HE'S CARRYING— USES IT TO SHOOT POISON DARTS!

I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE OF THAT, PROFESSOR! MEANWHILE, WE CAN PUT THIS JIBARO IN THE OLD PORTUGUESE FORT! IT HAS A DUNGEON UNDERNEATH IT! THEN WE'LL BURN TALL GRASS AROUND HERE TO DRIVE AWAY ANY OTHER HEAD-HUNTERS!

AND SO, THAT NIGHT...

CAPTAIN PATTON HAS GONE ON BOARD THE BARGE, BUT WHERE IS RAMON HIDALSO?

NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT HEAD-HUNTERS NOW! I'LL GET OUR NATIVES TO PUT SUPPLIES ON THE BARGE!

ASLEEP IN HIS TENT!

A GOOD IDEA! BY DAWN IT WILL BE TOO HOT TO LOAD! MEANWHILE, I THINK I'LL GET SOME SLEEP MYSELF!

OUTSIDE THE FORT I HEAR SOMEBODY TALK IN A FUNNY HIGH-VOICE LANGUAGE! I LOOK INSIDE! THE JIBARO IS GONE —

SOMEBODY MUST HAVE RELEASED HIM! AND THE BLOW-GUN IS GONE, TOO! THE JIBARO MAY STILL BE LURKING AROUND...

BY NOW HE'S TAKEN TO THE RIVER, THORNDON! YOU DON'T HEAR ANY TOM-TOMS CALLING HIM BACK TO THE JUNGLE!

BUT A MOMENT LATER...

PHIT!

yo-w-w!

OBEY THE LAW



WHAT—
WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

SOMEBODY KILLED THORNDON WITH
A POISONED DART FROM A BLOW-
GUN! BUT IT WASN'T
A JIBARO, OF THAT
I'M CERTAIN!

YOU FIND
CAPTAIN PATTON,
KENT! I'LL
CHECK ON
HIDALGO!



SO THAT WAS THORNDON DYING
FROM A POISON DART? MY! MY!
THOSE JIBAROS ARE SLUPPING! I
THOUGHT THEIR POISON WORKED
SO FAST THAT
THE VICTIM
DIDN'T HAVE
TIME TO
SCREAM!

THIS IS NO
JESTING
MATTER,
HIDALGO!



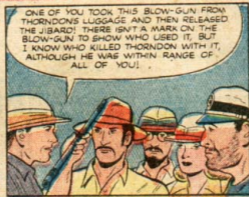
SCREAM? I
DIDN'T HEAR
ANYBODY
SCREAM! IT
WAS YOUR
SHOUT THAT
WOKED ME!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

RUPERT
THORNDON
HAS JUST BEEN
MURDERED BY
A POISON DART,
BUT NOT BY
A JIBARO!



HIM LIE OUT
IN OPEN,
SEÑOR KENT,
WHERE
SOMEBODY
THROW
HIM!

THE MISSING
BLOW-GUN, AND
YOU FOUND IT
WHERE ANYBODY
COULD HAVE
THROWN
IT!



ONE OF YOU TOOK THIS BLOW-GUN FROM
THORNDON'S LUGGAGE AND THEN RELEASED
THE JIBARO! THERE ISN'T A MARK ON
THE BLOW-GUN TO SHOW WHO USED IT, BUT
I KNOW WHO KILLED THORNDON WITH IT,
ALTHOUGH HE WAS WITHIN RANGE OF
ALL OF YOU!

WHO DUNNIT?

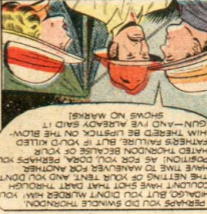
CAPT RALPH PATTON?	RAMON HIDALGO?
DORA BRENT?	PROFESSOR PETER FLOYD?

IF YOU CANNOT GUESS
WHO DUNNIT, TURN THE
PAGE UPSIDE DOWN
FOR THE SOLUTION!

TO SUM UP, ALL THE EARLIER MURDER ATTEMPTS POINTED TO FLOYD! DORA
HIDALGO COULDN'T HAVE SWITCHED THE GUNNING PILLS BECAUSE THE MEDICINE
CABINET WAS LOCKED WHILE IT WAS STILL ON THE SANTOS! FLOYD MUST HAVE
CAME ALONE, BECAUSE UNLESS FLOYD KNEW THERE WAS A WRONG TRAIL JUST BEFORE THORNDON
TRAIL, HE COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE RIGHT ONE LATER... AND TO
BE VERY SMART, HE THREW AWAY HIS AXE SO HE'D BE THE
ONLY PERSON WITHOUT ONE! BESIDES, ONLY FLOYD KNEW
THE JIBARO TALKING TO THE HEAD-HUNTERS AND SO IT
PROVED FOR CONFINED WITH THESE FACTS AND
CONJECTURES, FLOYD CONFESSED AND SO ENDED
OUR AMAZON ADVENTURE!



THAT LEAVE JUST YOU, PROFESSOR
FLOYD AND THE PATCH OF FLOUR SHOWS
WHERE YOU LAID DOWN THE BAGS LONG
ENOUGH TO SHOOT THE POISONED DART
INTO THORNDON'S TENT, AND YOU DON'T
HAVE TIME TO MANEUVER FOR ANOTHER
POSITION! AS FOR DORA, PERHAPS YOU
MIGHT THORNDON BECAUSE OF YOUR
FATHERS FAILURE, BUT IF YOU'D KILLED
HIM—THERE'D BE LITTLE ON THE BLOW-
GUN—AND I'VE ALREADY SAID IT
SHOWS NO MARKS!



PERHAPS YOU DID SWINDLE THORNDON,
HIDALGO, BUT YOU DIDN'T MURDER HIM! YOU
COULDN'T HAVE SHOT THAT DART THROUGH
THE NETTING OF YOUR TENT, AND YOU DON'T
HAVE TIME TO MANEUVER FOR ANOTHER
POSITION! AS FOR DORA, PERHAPS YOU
MIGHT THORNDON BECAUSE OF YOUR
FATHERS FAILURE, BUT IF YOU'D KILLED
HIM—THERE'D BE LITTLE ON THE BLOW-
GUN—AND I'VE ALREADY SAID IT
SHOWS NO MARKS!



YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR, PATTON!
THORNDON BECAUSE HE
INTENDED TO DEPRIVE YOU OF
YOUR JOB AND CAREER, BUT
YOU BLOW-GUN FROM THE
CABIN OF THE BOAT
BECAUSE THE BOAT WAS
IN BETWEEN!

YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR, PATTON! YOU HAD REASON TO KILL THORNDON BECAUSE HE INTENDED TO DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR JOB AND CAREER. BUT YOU COULDN'T HAVE USED THAT BLOW-GUN FROM THE CABIN OF THE BARGE BECAUSE THE FORT WAS IN BETWEEN!



PERHAPS YOU DID SWINDLE THORNDON, HIDALGO, BUT YOU DIDN'T MURDER HIM! YOU COULDN'T HAVE SHOT THAT DART THROUGH THE NETTING OF YOUR TENT, AND YOU DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO MANEUVER FOR ANOTHER POSITION! AS FOR YOU, DORA, PERHAPS YOU HATED THORNDON BECAUSE OF YOUR FATHER'S FAILURE, BUT IF YOU'D KILLED HIM THERE'D BE UPSTICK ON THE BLOW-GUN—AND I'VE ALREADY SAID IT SHOWS NO MARKS!



THAT LEAVES **JUST YOU**, PROFESSOR FLOYD AND THIS PATCH OF FLOUR SHOWS WHERE YOU LAID DOWN THE BAGS LONG ENOUGH TO SHOOT THE POISONED DART INTO THORNDON'S BACK! YOU KILLED HIM TO GET THE LEGACY HE'D PROMISED TO YOUR MUSEUM BEFORE HE HAD TIME TO CHANGE HIS MIND! AND BESIDES, YOU DESPISED HIM WITH ALL YOUR HEART!

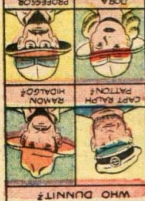


TO SUM UP, ALL THE EARLIER MURDER ATTEMPTS POINTED TO FLOYD! DORA WOULDN'T HAVE CUT THE ROPE BEFORE SHE LEARNED ABOUT HER FATHER'S FAILURE! HIDALGO COULDN'T HAVE SWITCHED THE QUININE PILLS BECAUSE THE MEDICINE CABINET WAS LOCKED WHILE IT WAS STILL ON THE SANTOS! FLOYD MUST HAVE SNAKED INTO THE JUNGLE TO BLAZE A **WRONG TRAIL** JUST BEFORE THORNDON CAME ALONG, BECAUSE UNLESS FLOYD KNEW THERE WAS A **WRONG TRAIL**, HE COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE RIGHT ONE LATER... AND TO BE **VERY SMART**, HE THREW AWAY HIS AXE SO HE'D BE THE ONLY PERSON WITHOUT ONE! BESIDES, ONLY FLOYD KNEW THE JIBARO LANGUAGE, SO HE MUST HAVE BEEN THE PERSON CHOLO HEARD TALKING TO THE HEAD-HUNTER! AND SO IT PROVED, FOR CONFRONTED WITH THESE FACTS AND CONJECTURES, FLOYD CONFESSED, AND SO ENDED OUR AMAZON ADVENTURE!



THE END

IF YOU CANNOT TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN WHO DUNNIT?



ONE OF YOU TOOK THIS BLOW-GUN FROM THORNDON'S LUGGAGE AND THEN RELEASSED THE JIBARO! THERE ISN'T A MARK ON THE BLOW-GUN TO SHOW WHO USED IT, BUT I KNOW WHO KILLED THORNDON WITH IT, ALTHOUGH HE WAS WITHIN RANGE OF ALL OF YOU!



HIM LIE OUT IN OPEN BLOW-GUN, AND SENOR KENT YOU FOUND IT WHERE ANYBODY COULD HAVE THROWN SOMEBODY COULD HAVE THROWN HIM!



SCREAM! I DON'T HEAR THORNDON HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED BY ANYBODY! I SCREAM! IT WAS YOUR DART THAT NOT BY SHOUT THAT BUT NOT BY WHAT HAPPENED?



SO THAT WAS THORNDON DYING FROM A POISON DART MY! I THOUGHT THEIR POISON WORKED! SO FAST THAT THE VICTIM DON'T HAVE TIME TO SCREAM! THIS IS NO JESTING MATTER HIDALGO!



WHAT? SOMEBODY KILLED THORNDON WITH A POISONED DART FROM A BLOW-GUN! BUT IT WASN'T A JIBARO OF THAT I'M CERTAIN!

OBEY THE LAW